# THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. Historical Society ° E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1927. $1.50 per year in advance



## Christmas 1927

Head Office Montreal

THE President, Directors and Officers extend to the Customers and Friends of the Bank their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

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15tf

# DOXSEE & CO.

## Millinery

Hats take new lines and indicate the return of trimmings. Shapes are still head-fitting, but the dorned crown sometimes adjusts a Russian coronet, turns back a slashed brim, droops, a tiny brush at the side, or wears a velvet applique.

Combinations of Velvet and Metal, Satin and Metal, including all metal at greatly reduced prices, **$1.50 and $2.90.**

Specials in Ladies' Silk Underwear and Hosiery.

Rayon Silk Vests, **$1.25, $1.50 each.**

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Silk Hosiery, in full range of colors and sizes, **$1.00 and $1.50 per pair.**

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*Gifts for Men and Boys*
—GLOVES, TIES,
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—PYJAMAS, SOCKS,
—BELTS, SUSPENDERS,
—SUIT or OVERCOAT.

**W.W.ADAMS**
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.



**Is Smoking Safe?**

There is enough nicotine in a Manilla cigar to kill two men.

This statement was made by Prof. W. E. Dixon the other day, says Answers, but it hasn't caused so much concern among smokers as might have been expected. Perhaps because not nearly so many people smoke cigars to-day; perhaps because the professor's general remarks were not unfriendly to tobacco. He seems to think it beneficial to the nervous system, especially in removing the after-effects of nervous strain.

Medical men, indeed, are much more tolerant of My Lady Nicotine nowadays. They don't like people to start too early, but otherwise they have few prejudices on the subject. As one famous doctor put it recently, they want us not to smoke between fourteen and eighteen, so that we can enjoy tobacco between eighteen and eighty.



## Independence

The best way to assure independence later in life is to start making provision for it now.

Regular saving becomes a habit—which once formed affords pleasure and satisfaction.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871
Napanee Branch - C. Waite, Manager



**INSURANCE**
For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Robin.
A number of companies to choose from.
Office: Residence, Robin, Main Street.
27-tf


NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Albert Davis, late of the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of December, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
52-d

**NOMINATION MEETING.**

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the electors of Township of Richmond will be held in the Town Hall, Selby, on MONDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1927 between the hours of 7.30 and one o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Reeve and four Councillors to represent the Township of Richmond in the Township Council for the year 1928.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a poll will be opened in the usual polling sub-divisions in the Township on Monday, the second day of January, A.D., 1928, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

H. A. WOOD,
Returning Officer.
Dated at Selby this 17th day of December, 1927.

**NOMINATION MEETING.**

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the electors of the Township of Kaladar, Anglesea and Effingham will be held at the Town Hall, Flinton, on Monday, December 26th, 1927, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving nominations for the offices of Reeve and Councillors for the said municipality for the year 1928.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a poll will be opened in the undermentioned sub-divisions in the Township on Monday, the second day of January, A.D., 1928, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon and no longer.

HOWARD HASLER,
Returning Officer.


THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

WANTED—A reliable housekeeper. Easy position. Apply to Drawer 180, Napanee, Ont. 4-bp

LOST—Between Napanee and Kingston, two Ford tires, with carrier and light. Will finder please phone 67, Napanee.

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

LOST—At Grace Church bazaar or between the church and the Public Library, a small bill fold, containing some bills. Will finder return same to this office and receive reward. 3

**ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf**

LOST—A brown suit case, between Roblin Hill and Sillsville, containing clothing and other valuable articles. Elliott Van-Alstyne's name on tag. Finder please leave at this office.

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewhere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 a week easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.


## NOMINATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Electors of the Town of Napanee will be held in the Town Hall, Napanee, on

**MONDAY, DEC. 26th, 1927,**

between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30 in the evening.

For the purpose of nominating candidates for Mayor, Reeve and six Councillors to represent the Town of Napanee in the Town Council for the year 1928.

Also for the purpose of nominating three Members for the Board of Education for 1928.

Also nomination of one Member of the Utilities Commission.

Also voting on a By-Law to borrow the sum of $12,000 on the credit of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee, and to issue debentures therefor bearing interest at 5 per cent. per annum, which is the amount of the debt to be created by this By-Law in order to repair and enlarge the Town Hall.

If a greater number of candidates are nominated than are required to be elected, then a Poll will be opened at the undermentioned Polling Sub-Divisions within the Town of Napanee, on Monday, the second day of January, A.D. 1928, the polls to continue open from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in afternoon and no longer.

POLLING SUB-DIVISIONS:

Centre Ward No. 1, at Town Hall, J. M. Graham, D.R.O., Walter Metcalf, Poll Clerk.

Centre Ward No. 2, at Geo. Grieve's residence, E. J. Walters, D.R.O., Richard McNeil, Poll Clerk

West Ward No. 1, at Frank Kinkley's residence, Damon Garrison, D. R. O., Walter Higgs, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 2, at Public Library, Wilfred Wilson, D.R.O., Chas. Papineau, Poll Clerk.

East Ward, at Boyle's vacant store, R. S. Wales, D.R.O., Geo. Perry, Poll Clerk.

W. A. GRANGE,
Returning Officer.
Dated at Napanee, December 13th, 1927.

## TOWN COUNNCIL

Council Chamber,
Napanee, Dec. 15th, 1927

Council met in regular session on Thursday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy, presiding.

Members present: Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Dunbar Kimmerly, Jewell and Howitt.

The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

A communication from the Underwriters' Association in reference to the care of fire fighting apparatus in cold weather.

Referred to Fire, Water and Light Committee.

A letter from Mr. Reuben Wood in reference to his recent accident was fyled.

A letter from Mrs. A. D. Snider asking a rebate for rental of town hall for W. C. T. U. Rummage Sale. Rebate granted.

A communication from the Department of Public Works re the closing of the south door of the Post Office was read and fyled.

The Finance Committee reported in reference to an account from Maddole Hardware Co. for tile used on Donald street.

Ordered fyled.

The Streets Committee reported the streets in good shape for the winter.

The matter of street decorations for Christmas was left in the hands of the Streets Committee and Board of Commerce with power to act.

The Town Property Committee reported some damage from the wind at the disposal works, which is being repired.

A By-Law to appoint officers for the holding of Municipal elections was presented, put through its various stages and finally passed.

Nomination meeting will be on the last Monday night in December, 26th inst.

Polling officers and places will be as follows:

Centre Ward No. 1—At Town Hall, Jas. M. Graham, D. R. O., Walter Metcalf, Poll Clerk.

Centre Ward No. 2—At Geo. Grieve's residence, E. J. Walters, D.R.O., Richard McNeill, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 1—At Frank Kinkley's residence, Damon Garrison, D.R.O., Walter Higgs, Poll Clerk.

West Ward No. 2—At Public Library, Wilfred Wilson, D.R.O., Chas. Papineau, Poll Clerk.

East Ward—At Boyle's vacant store, Stan. Wales, D.R.O., Geo. Perry, Poll Clerk.

On motion the Streets Committee were instructed to have danger signs placed near the Gibbard factory on each approach.

On motion the newly appointed Police Magistrate was granted the use of the Town Hall and his office for his new duties.

Mayor Roy expressed his pleasure in the splendid report presented by the council during his term of office and the pleasure he had in presiding over the council during the past year.

On motion the Council were granted the usual honorarium, excepting the Chairman of the Town Property Committee, whose honorarium will be $50.00 extra, and the Mayor's $25.00 extra.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Galbraith | 8 20 00 |
| Dr. Stratton | 15 00 |
| Victor Cowling | 53 00 |
| F. W. Perry | 5 65 |
| Ezra Pringle | 5 24 |
| Desmore Davis | 35 99 |
| H. Perry | 6 98 |
| E. J. Pollard | 201 02 |
| Madole Hardware Co. | 136 89 |
| P. Gleeson | 16 25 |
| P. Gleeson | 3 75 |

Hydro Accounts referred to Clerk with power to act.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, JAN. 14th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of T. B. German, 60 John street, Napanee, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being, in the County of Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, lying south of the travelled road crossing said lot, containing forty acres more or less.

Second: The south half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the fourth concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, which lies south of the travelled road crossing said lot containing by admeasurement forty-two acres be the same more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality, within the distance of about five (5) miles from Napanee and within a short distance of what is known as the Hamburgh road.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of Sale: 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN.
Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

## BASKETBALL

The schedule of the Intermediate Eastern Ontario Amateur Basketball Association commenced here last Wednesday, December 14th, when the Napanee team met the Kingston Y.M.C.A. team on the floor of the Collegiate gymnasium. The teams were quite evenly matched and the result was in doubt until a wonderful rally by the Napanee team in the last five minutes gave them a lead too large to be overcome in spite of Kingston's most strenuous efforts, and the game ended with the score 30-26 for the home team.

It was a very close and exciting struggle for the whole playing time and most of the spectators were on their feet all the time. But the crowd was disappointingly small to those in charge of the local teams' affairs, as the receipts barely covered the expenses. The team is deserving of support, both for their efforts to provide entertainment for the town and also for the calibre of the game which they play. It is no small accomplishment to defeat a team such as Kingston Y. M.C.A., composed for the most part of veteran players.

For the first part of the game, Napanee had a superiority in team-work and passing, but were weak in shooting, due to a tendency to shoot from far out. Kingston were weaker in combination, but were more deadly in shooting, and at half-time were leading by 18-15.

In the rest period, Napanee again had an edge in team-play and this time did more accurate shooting and soon overcame Kingston's lead. At this stage of the game, Cavanaugh completely disheartened the Kingston team by netting a basket from the centre of the floor, and Napanee held their lead to the end of the game.

The next game is to be played here on January 14th, against Belleville Y.M.C.A., who won the group championship last year, and have the same team again for this season. This should be one of the best games of the year and the team are hoping to see a large crowd present for it.

The line-up for Wednesday's game was as follows:

Kingston—Centre, McKay; forwards, Brunke, Shaw; defense, Morris, Burns; sub., Edgar.

Napanee—Centre, Daly; forwards, McDonald, Stevens; defense, Powell, Murray; subs, Cavanaugh, Coates, Wartman, Alexander.

Referee—A Armstrong, Belleville.

ODESSA.

Mrs. Sidney Sproule entertained a number of her friends at tea on Saturday afternoon last, in honor of Miss Sproule's twenty-sixth birthday anniversary. The lovely home was beautifully decorated for the occasion and all manner of good wishes were expressed for Miss Sproule's welfare, and many more years of happiness. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mrs. Robert Cook, Cobourg, who is visiting Mrs. Sproule, was an out-of-town guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer O'Niel, Windsor, are home for the Xmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Allen and little daughter, Jean, Genanoque, spent Sunday last with the former's mother, Mrs. Henry Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Davy left last week to spend the winter with their son, Harry M. Davy, Toronto.

BATH.

Mrs. J. M. Wemp has left to spend the winter with friends at Old Leaf.

Messrs. Peterson and families, of Indian Point, are moving into the village.

Murray Willard and family, who have spent the summer at Indian Point, have returned to their homes here.

The death occurred on Wednesday, December 7th, of a highly respected resident of this village in the person of Mrs. John Forrester, after several years of failing health. Deceased was born on Friday afternoon, December 9th, at 2 o'clock from her late residence, to the United Church, with Rev. A. E. Rose officiating, and interment was made in Morven cemetery. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, one son, Frank Keller, of Buffalo, N. Y., and five daughters, Miss Mary Kellar, of Guelph, Miss Margaret Forrester, of Niagara Falls, Miss Edith Forester, of Alberta, Mrs. R. J. Allison, of Adolphustown, and Mrs. George Stevenson, of Windsor. All were present at the funeral except Miss Edith Forester. The sympathy of the community is extended to them in their bereavement.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. E. W. Scott is in Montreal, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Peden.

Mr. Martin Flood, of Oshawa, is at his home here.

Mr. Tom Hetherington, Belleville, spent the week-end at his home here.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, and James, of Napanee, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mrs. Percy Histed and two children, who have been the guests of Mrs. Herbert Histed for the past week, left on Friday for Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fitzgerald, of Montreal, are in town to attend the funeral of the latter's father, the late Owen Flood, of Fort William, which takes place Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Owen Flood and Miss Bessie Flood, Fort William, are in town to attend the funeral of the late Owen Flood.

Dr. and Mrs. Curran have returned from their honeymoon and will take up residence in town.


# OUR GREETING AND WISH

AS THE three wise men rode on that first Christmas to find the manger-cradled Babe of Bethlehem, they bore gifts on their saddle bows; gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. And so the spirit of Christmas giving crept into the world's heart.

The injunction was to go into the highways and byways and seek out the poor and distressed, the humble and afflicted, the ragged children and the outcasts and the aged, and in the name of Him who was born on Christmas day, carry some sunshine into their lives. Give unto the poor and afflicted and your hearts shall glow with that peace which passeth understanding.

The two dominant characteristics of the Christmas season are kindness, expressed by good will toward men, and the inward joy wrought by kind acts, and suggested by peace on earth. "The earth has grown old with its burden of care, but at Christmas it always is young," and with each recurring Yuletide we like to think of the spiritual blessings brought to the children of men on that first Christmas.

Our greeting to you is one of kindness in return for the good will you have displayed toward us. Our wish is that you may be filled with the fresh, clean joys of the season and receive a liberal endowment of that spirit which, at this time rises like a mighty flood over the world.

THE PUBLISHERS


## N. C. I. COMMENCEMENT

On Thursday and Friday evening last, the pupils of the Collegiate held their annual Commencement entertainment in the Collegiate Assembly Hall and gymnasium. Large and appreciative audiences attended both evenings and enjoyed the varied program of music, choruses, dances, gymnastics and dramatics.

In the newly decorated Assembly Hall the musical and dramatic program was presented. The Collegiate orchestra, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Wilson, rendered several numbers very acceptably. The Glee Club presented a musical sketch, "Gypsy Sweethearts," which included several choruses and a colorful fairy dance. Ruth Graham, Marion Thompson and Chas Walters took the solo parts and were supported by a large chorus of girls and boys.

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss White, presented a light comedy, "The Trysting Place," by Booth Tarkington. The cast included Katherine Gleeson, Grace Boyes, Helen Grange, Preston Gilbride, Munro Beattie, Charles Walters and Donald Caton.

In the gymnasium, under the direction of Miss McLaughlin and Mr. Murray, a program of gymnastics and dances was given as as follows:

Physical Training and Games—Form I. Boys.

Dance, "Bridge of Avignon."—Form I. Girls.

Mat and Vaulting Box—Boys' Gym. Team.

Dance, "Merry, Merry Milkmaids,"—Form II. Girls.

Dance, "Oxendance"—Form IV Girls.

Parallel Bars—Boys' Gym. Team.

Dance, "Oranges and Lemons"—Forms III., IV. and V. Girls.

Flying Rings—Boys' Gym. Team.

Dance, "Minuet"—Forms VI. and V. Girls.

On Thursday evening Mr. A. J. Woods, Chairman of the Board of Education, presented the medals and diplomas.

Mr. Max Fox presented the Gold Graduation Medal, donated by his son, Mr. Chas. A. Fox, to Miss Vera VanAlstyne, who also won the Memorial Scholarship.

Mrs. Deroche presented the I. O. D. E. prizes in History to Audrey Dudgeon and Robert Miller.

The Art prizes, given by the Ladies' Guild of the Anglican Church, were presented to June MacDonald, May Merrill, Jack Archer and Fred Creighton.

The Bronze Medal for the History Paper on Confederation was presented to Esther Walters.

The following received graduation diplomas: Edward Benjamin, Agnes Cavanaugh, Enid England, Dorothy Hogle, Ruth Thompson and Jessie VanAlstyne.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to Muriel Garrison, Ruth Graham, Dorothy Lucas, Mary Kimmell, and Fern Sylver.

One of the features of the evening was the presentation of a fine marble bust of Charles James Fox, the English statesman, the gift of Dr. G. W. Sheriden to the school. The gift was received on behalf of the school by G. Ernest Gibbard, the President of the Students' Council, who very suitably replied in a brief address.

On Friday evening the athletic cups and medas were presented by Mr. J. Edwin Miller to the following:

Boys—Senior Championship, T. Breeze; Intermediate Championship, H. Robinson; Junior Championship, A. Herrington; All-round Championship, A. Herrington; Silver medals, A. Herrington, R. Wilson, W. Smith, H. Robinson, J. Grange, R. Stalker, T. Breeze, E. Way, W. VanDusen, L. Merritt.

Girls—Senior Championship, Helen Grange; Intermediate Championship, Marjorie Daly; Junior Championship, Betty Gibbard; Silver Medals, B. Gibbard, G. Parrott, M. Daly, M. Jackson, M. Loucks, H. Grange.

## ADOLPHUSTOWN.

A number of colds and cases of flu are reported.

Mrs. E. Foster, who has been ill, is convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Roblin entertained a number of friends to a very pleasant evening on Wednesday.

A well attended meeting of the W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. Humphrey last Wednesday afternoon. The members were much pleased to find that they had over-reached their objective for the year. The election of officers for 1928 resulted in few changes in the executive.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Harrison and Miss Winnifred, motored to Hamilton for the week-end attending a Pentecostal meeting there.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Humpharey were serenaded last Tuesday evening.

## VIOLET.

The year 1927 has been an important one in the history of Violet United Church. It has experienced material reverses, but fortunately triumphs also. Just following the opening of service and following a storm, the church sheds, weighted down with ice and snow, completely collapsed throughout the entire length, leaving no accommodation for horses and automobiles of the congregation and this was a great inconvenience. A meeting of the congregation was called and a real live committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Bert Scouten (convener), Mr. K. Valentine, Mr. W. Close, to undertake the task of painting and repairing the outside of the church and to erect sheds to meet the ordinary needs of the congregation. This committee began the work and with the co-operation of others, much was done. The building of a forty-five foot span of sheds, finished with steel roofing and painting was completed. Yet this was not done without expense and there was insufficient funds in the treasury to meet it.

The Violet Woman's Institute, realizing the real and immediate need for financial assistance, came forward with a splendid donation that paid for the steel roofing on the sheds. Nevertheless, with this valuable assistance, when all the expenses were paid, only $5 was left in the treasury. Another meeting was called to discuss the situation and prospects for the coming winter. It was then decided to hold a tea meeting to raise additional funds to meet current expenses of the church and if possible to prepare to improve the interior of the church. With this in view, all committees set to work with very good results, so that on Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, a very successful tea meeting was held. The weather being mild made it possible for a large crowd to assemble and enjoy the very excellent cooking of the Violet ladies, also an unusually fine program, under the splendid chairmanship of Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, of Newburgh. The anniversary program was presented by members of Kingston Princess Street United Church choir, consisting of readings, quartettes, solos and duets. The numbers were all rendered in first-class form to the great delight of an enthusiastic audience.

Violet can now look forward with confidence and hope for even greater things in the future.

## COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

SPECIAL SCHOOL DANCE FOR pupils and ex-pupils at Collegiate, Thursday, December 22nd, at 8 o'clock. Everett Stevens' Blue Jacket Orchestra. 4-a

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

**CHRISTMAS LESSON.**

Sunday, Dec. 25—Luke 2: 1-20

Golden Text—Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. (Matt. 1:21).

"A decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." What a high-sounding announcement that is! The great Roman Emperor, Caesar Augustus, was the ruler of "the whole world." Surely there could be few greater names in history than his. And yet it has been said truly that this Emperor "borrowed his greatest fame from a Babe of whom he had never heard." He thought he had his own reasons for taking a census, or enrolment, of the inhabitants of his day; but we know that God, who directs the hearts and hands of Kings whom He will, directed this enrolment in order that the Babe who is King of Kings should be born in Bethlehem instead of Nazareth. Joseph "was of the house and lineage of David," and every one, for this taxation, must go "into his own city." The Emperor was used to fulfil Old Testament prophecy; and the Old Testament prophecy had been made because it was part of God's eternal purpose for the redemption of the human race, and for the ultimate establishing of God's chosen people in the land covenanted to them, where their Divine King is to reign over them when He comes again.

The persons in this Christmas story are interesting: The Roman Emperor—an insignificant, unknown couple, Joseph and Mary; a newborn Babe; shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night; a multitude of heavenly angels.

Is it a historical event? Bible critics used to say in the second chapter of Luke's Gospel was not real history. They said it differed from reliable historical records; and that there was no such enrolment ordered by Caesar Augustus at this time. But an awkward archaeological discovery was made—archaeology has disproved the theory of critics over and over again—and an inscription of Augustus was found, boastfully mentioning this very census that he decreed. And an archaeologist and historian whose scholarship commands the respect of the intellectual world, Sir William M. Ramsay, began to publish the results of his unsparing investigation of Luke as a historian, until, judged by the most impartial human tests, he proved that Luke ranks with the most scrupulously accurate historians known to men. Sir William's book, "Was Christ born at Bethlehem?" is a classic of scholarship that exposes the shallow conclusions of negative critics and honors the authenticity of the Scriptures.

It was God's son, not the son of Joseph, who was born that Christmas night in Bethlehem. It was a human birth but not a human conception. The glory of the virgin birth of ur Lord Jesus should not be overlooked as we study the Christmas lesson. It is significant that the fullest account of the virgin birth is given to us by inspiration through a physician, a scientific man of recognized standing. He did not say, as do some today, that the virgin birth was "biological miracle that the modern mind cannot accept." He believed God.

Back in the Garden of Eden God had said to Eve, whose sin had led to Adam's sin and the wrecking of the human race, that it was her seed—not Adam's—that should bruise the head of the serpent, the tempter who had brought sin into the race. Therefore, when the time came for the seed of the woman to enter upon His work of destroying Satan, God sa what he should have a human mther, but not a human father. The virgin birth is not a mere incident; it is inseparable from the redemptive mission of the Saviour. It is vital, the heart of the Incarnation and the Atonement.

Christ was crowded out of the dwelling places of men at His birth—"there is no room for them in the inn"—as He is crowded out from the hearts of most men today. But there was a humble place that received Him, a manger. To those who are humble enough to receive Him today He gives "power to become the sons of God, even nt t hem that believe n His name." (John 1:12).

His birth was made known to humble people, the shepherds. Why was it, as the angel of the Lord caused them "and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," that they were "sore afraid"? Because sinful man is always afraid when he comes in the presence of the Lord. The Bible record shows this to have been true over and over again, even of the best men as they were given a vision of the Lord. Yet at once came the word to the shepherds, that was given to others: "Fear not." They might well be afraid, but God had good news, for them, "good tidings of great joy," the Gospel, and not to them only, for it "shall be to all people."

Sin, which separates us from God and makes us afraid when we are brought into His presence, Wis going to be dealt with triumphantly and forever by he Babe "born this day in the city of David." The Golden Text tells us the meaning of His name.

We have been separated from God in our sins. Left to ourselves there would be eternal enmity between us and God. But instead of the enmity, there is "on earth peace, good-will toward men." "For He is our peace" Eph. 2:14). God's Christmas Gift of His Son means life to men who believe, instead of the wages of their sin, which is death.

Do we believe? The shepherds did. They believed without seeing. They said: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." As has been said, they did not say, Let us now go and see if if this thing is come to pass," but rather, "Let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass." When God says a thing is so, we do not need to say we will see if it is so. The Christmas season is His call to us not only to accept His Son as Saviour and Lord, but to believe every word of the Father and the Son which is given to us in Their Holy Scriptures.

## SIMLA STREET PEDDLERS.

**Are an Odd Mixture of Ancient and Modern.**

Simla, in India, is an odd mixture of ancient and modern, with the ancient predominating.

In Simla may still be seen, says M. V. P. in the Times of India, trains of pack mules ambling along the roads; the country folk playing their reed pipes in minor key; the packmen carrying their wares from door to door. Just as these barmen of old were a source of great excitement to village maidens cut off from the towns so are the Saturday morning box wallahs to us on our remote spur of Jakko.

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To her, your call means more than just a combination of switchboard manipulations. It is a call for *personal* service, tr be answered completed and supervised as your *personal* clerk or secretary would handle it.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

*to pass.*"


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## N. S. Coal Industry.

Not since 1917 has the Nova Scotia mining industry enjoyed so prosperous a season. During the fiscal year ending September, approximately 6,640,000 tons of coal were produced in the province.

# The Case of Aemilius Jarvis

In its issue of Dec. 5th, The Toronto Globe deals at length with the case of Oscar Slater, who recently was released from prison in England after serving 18 years for murder, the sentence having been reduced from one of capital punishment owing to a doubt as to the man's guilt. Through the efforts of Sir Conan Doyle, it was proven that Slater, a German with a criminal record, could not have committed the murder of which he was found guilty. Though free, he still has the record of a conviction hanging over him. Now a special Act of Parliament is to be passed to enable one of the highest courts in the land to re-open the case and give the man a new trial.

"He may be of alien birth," said The Globe, "a native of a land with which Great Britain was recently engaged in bitter warfare, but Britons insist that he is entitled to what is now the common right throughout the world as British justice. And they will see that he gets it."

Here we, right here in Canada, a case analogous to that of Oscar Slater!

The Toronto Star, in its issue of Dec. 10, deals editorially with the Aemilius Jarvis case in a manner which will be of interest to all Canadian readers. Following is The Star editorial in full:

"The friends of Mr. Aemilius Jarvis in Toronto and throughout the province are still pressing upon the Ontario government and the federal government at Ottawa their representations that Mr. Jarvis has suffered a great injustice and that the wrong should be righted in so far as that is possible. The sum of $209,000 was collected as a fine from Mr. Jarvis and is now being held by the province, subject to court direction in its disposal. He also served a period of imprisonment.

"The friends of Mr. Jarvis are pressing for a new trial—a new trial at which could be produced decisive new evidence that was not available for his defense at his former trial.

"Mr. Jarvis was tried in October, 1924, and acquitted by the jury of all charges except that of having "conspired" with others in connection with bond sales. A year later Mr. Andrew Pepall was tried (Nov. 1925), and evidence was produced that completely demolished the basis for the conspiracy charge against Mr. Jarvis. The evidence that was available in the Pepall trial and which caused the acquittal of Pepall, with whom Mr. Jarvis was supposed to have wrongfully conspired, would completely exonerate Mr. Jarvis.

"This new evidence consists of detailed proof by Mr. Pepall of the disposal he made of $149,932 of bonds, which, at the Jarvis trial and in the absence of Pepall, human, was supposed, in the theory of the prosecution, to have been passed on to Peter Smith as a bribe. This injurious suspicion the defense could not dispose of at that time. A year later at the Pepall trial it was disposed of completely.

"At the second trial evidence was produced showing that the law firm of Bicknell, Lash, Anglin & Cassels had revised the documents on which it was agreed between Jarvis and the Drury government that the remuneration of Jarvis was to be in the profit made on the re-sale of the bonds to the province. At the second trial, too, Mr. Drury and Mr. Lucas, K.C., appeared as witnesses and confirmed this as the agreement that had been entered upon. The price to be paid was fixed in advance at 80 for one lot and 90 for each of two other issues. There could, therefore, be no conspiracy and no bribing of Smith to accept bonds at prices fixed long before in the written agreement between Jarvis and the government. In these bond transactions Mr. Jarvis did not meet nor dealt with Smith at all, but with the premier and cabinet.

"Mr. Jarvis has on several occasions declared its belief that a very grave wrong has been done Mr. Aemilius Jarvis. His bond transactions were entirely in keeping with his agreement with the government, and notwithstanding all that has been said about those transactions an accounting would show that the net result of them was a gain of several million dollars to the province.

"Mr. Jarvis has suffered a great injustice and is surely entitled to a new trial at which would be available to him the important evidence that was not procurable on the former occasion.

"It is believed by the friends of Mr. Jarvis that the federal Minister of Justice could and should intervene to cause a re-trial of this case. But the responsibility for righting this grievous wrong does not rest only upon the justice department at Ottawa. The case is an Ontario one, the administration of justice is in the hands of Ontario courts, and the friends of Mr. Jarvis should press their case on the attention of the Ontario government. Premier Ferguson and the attorney-general should, on an examination of the evidence produced in the Pepall case, clearly perceive that there is every ground for the granting of a re-trial of the Jarvis case. This being the case and the miscarriage of justice having occurred during proceedings for which the attorney-general's department were officially responsible, that department ought to accede to the request of Mr. Jarvis' friends that it intimate to the minister of justice its acquiescence in their application for a new trial. Nor is it only the personal friends of Aemilius Jarvis who should concern themselves in the matter, but all those people in the city and in the province who pride themselves in our courts and in the administration of justice among us. The case is up for consideration, and nothing can be more injurious than a lethargic public opinion unwilling to exert itself and content to let a wrong remain unrighted because doing anything about it may involve a little trouble."

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## A Venomous Lizard.

Only one form of lizard is venomous, the gila monster of Arizona. These reptiles have about fifty poison fangs each.

## Fish Eyes a Favorite Dish.

Fish eyes are considered table delicacy in the West Indies, and boiled salmon eyes, which resemble large blueberries, are a favorite dish in Eastern Asia.

## Forest In East Anglia.

A new forest being planted in East Anglia will stretch sixteen miles across Norfolk and Suffolk when completed.

# PERENNIAL CLIMBING PLANTS

Many kinds of perennial climbing plants may be used to improve the appearance of houses. A vine will often break the monotony of a straight wall, and verandas, summer houses, fence s rocks and old stumps of trees may be made things of beauty with a few judiciously placed climbing plants. For many years a large number of kinds of these plants have been under test at the Central Experimental Farm and a descriptive list of them is contained in a new bulletin on Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, and Woody Climbers, distributed by the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. The bulletin describes many good, hardy native climbers that may be obtained with little expense It is pointed out that though these climbers usually make rapid growth when once established, it is better to thoroughly prepare the soil before planting. Since the soil about buildings is generally poor, it is advisable to replace it with a good loamy soil mixed with well-rotted manure.

## New Terror for Criminals.

Brown finger-prints that appeared suddenly all over the back of a patient being treated with a certain solution of ultra-violet rays by Dr. M. Aaronson, of New Jersey, caused much excitement.

They were Dr. Aaronson's own marks, and apparently he has accidentally found a new method for discovering and making as permanent as desired any finger-print on a body, a find of great importance in criminology.

By this new method, the suspected flesh will be brushed with a secret solution and, on exposure to ultra-violet rays, the finger prints will be revealed. Rubbing will not remove the marks. They can only be scrubbed off.

## Across the Atlantic.

An unusual friendship has sprung up between two telephone girls, one in London and one in New York. They are in charge of their respective ends of the trans-Atlantic telephone service, and enjoy the luxury of distance gossip with each other without the fiscal necessity of paying $75 every three minutes' worth. To confirm what seems to be almost too wonderful to be true, they have written to each other about their experiences.

# WE NEED MORE AERIAL GARAGES

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Two boys ,brothers, the older only eleven years of age, played together in a simply furnished room. Suddenly they heard steps, and looking up saw their father enter.

"Here's something for you!" he said and tossed a buzzing contrivance into the air. With a whir of wings the thing flew to the ceiling, bumped, and fell to the floor.

"What is it?" the boys cried. "It flies!" Both jumped for the toy now lying on the carpet. They picked up the cork, bamboo and rubber thing, twisted its rubber bands again and let it go.

Who would have thought that the invention of a toy would change the ways of men, giving a new means of communication, revolutionize war and enable explorers to sail at will over polar ice or tropic jungles?

Because Bishop Milton Wright, then fifty years of age, built home that whirligig, that flying top, and gave it so his boys, Wilbur and Orville Wright, he set in motion the remarkable train of events, that led his sons in 1903, to invent the airplane.

Today the airplane is rapidly approaching its time for general adoption as a universal transportation medium. The Post Office Department has given a convincing demonstration of what the flying machine can be made to accomplish in saving us that most precious of all commodities, Time.

Passenger planes capable of carrying a dozen persons are now seen in the air and regular bookings will be taken for intercity service the same as for ocean travel or fr railway passage. The passenger plane for family use, and short models, will be marketed and exploited widely. This airship—which in our country is undergoing developments that augur well for its continued use, promises great things for the future.

But for personal and individual transportation within cities, between the office and the home and for comfortable travel through the scenic beauties of the country, the automobile reigns supreme. The greatest deterrent to automobile progress was our one pitiful inadequacy of good roads. Similarly, the problem of the airplane is the problem of landing places.

The establishment of landing places and aerial garages is at this time the principal concern of the airplane industry. That settled, we shall see airplane production mount steadily until aerial traffic policemen are a common sight and the aviation journals begin to discuss the "saturation point."


**Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.**

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# Here and There

Work on the erection of the Minas Basin Pulp and Paper Company's plant at Hantsport has begun, together with work on the railway siding connecting the plant with the main line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

The value of the Western Canadian grain yield this year is figured at $1,600,000,000 by a financial firm making a survey of conditions at Winnipeg. Wheat is put at $563,804,729; oats at $166,428,382; barley at $62,887,903; rye at $16,628,381, and flax at $1,985,315. Hay and other grains are included in the grand total.

The Eastern International Dog Sled Derby will be held this year at Quebec City, February 20, 21 and 22, according to information given out by the tourist department of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The leading drivers from all parts of the Continent will take part. The race is over a 120-mile course with an average of 40 miles a day.

Montana farmers are hauling grain to stations on the Canadian Pacific Railway line just north of the International boundary line in South-western Saskatchegan. Some 50,000 bushels are on the move there on sale to the Wheat Pool. It is remarkable that the Montana farmers are paying the duty and receiving about $1.00 more than if delivered to the elevators located along the Montana route.

"The tourist crop is the next best crop to that of wheat in the Canadian West," said C. B. Foster, passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, visiting Winnipeg recently. "Canadians are now capitalizing our splendid winters," he said. "It used to be our custom to decry them, but we have since learned their appeal to the stranger as well as ourselves and are profiting by it."

Quebec City is preparing for a record winter sports season, according to Jack Strathdee, newly appointed winter sports director at the Chateau Frontenac. Mr. Strathdee comes to his new field of activity with a wealth of experience, having promoted outdoor sports in the Muskoka Lakes region and more recently at the French River Bungalow Camps of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Saskatchewan heads the provinces of Canada in growth of revenue from tourist traffic, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, dealing with the calendar year 1926. The gain over the previous year was over 100 per cent., while Manitoba was the only other province with a revenue increase of more than 25 per cent. The tourist business for the whole of Canada has risen from $83,735,760 in 1920 to $193,643,450 last year. It is thought to contribute $100,000,000 to Canada's favorable balance of trade.

Of Canada's four great sources of wealth — field, forest, mine and stream — the forest has steadily pushed forward until it now holds second place, particularly in the exports from the Dominion. For the 12 months ended September 30th last, grain and grain products exported were valued at $464,000,000; metals $160,000,000 and newsprint $120,000,000, to which should be added, to show the whole exported wealth of the forests, manufactured and unmanufactured wood valued at $160,000,000, making the forest assets equate $280,000,000.

If the brewers keep on brewing, There's bound to be the call: More offices and prisons to care for those who fall.

## TEMPTING DAINTIES

**Named After the Towns Which First Produced Them.**

The town of Mansfield in England has held an annual fair for the past 700 years, and every year a large pie is prepared, made of pork and gooseberries. This apparently odd mixture is cut by the mayor, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

The English town with the most famous pie is, of course, Melton Mowbray. The modern pie of that name is quite good, but not a patch on the original, for which the recipe has been preserved. It was as follows:

"Take a pheasant, a hare, and a capon, two partridges, two pigeons, two rabbits; bone them and put them in a paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, force-meats, egg balls, seasoning, spice, ketchup, and pickled mushrooms. Fill up with gravy from the various bones."

The cook of the Salters' Company once made a pie according to this recipe, and it was said to be perfect.

The York pie is the last word in luxury. The filling consists of a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge, and a pigeon. The seasoning is nutmeg, cloves, mace, black pepper, and two large spoonfuls of salt, all mixed together. Having boned the birds, the cook adds a hare and a woodcock and "any sort of wild fowl." No less than four pounds of fresh butter are put into the pie, and the crust, which must be thick, requires a whole bushel of flour.

In Ludlow, Shropshire, there used to be an excellent pie made with rabbits and fat pork with plenty of seasoning. The livers of the rabbits were first parboiled and pounded in a mortar with the bacon, herbs, finely chopped onions, pepper, salt, and nutmeg, blended together with the yolks of eggs. This mixture was made into balls and the pie covered with puff paste.

In Cudlow, Devon, is renowned for its hot cockles, cream, and cider flavored with cayenne pepper.

Scarborough vies with Bury as the home of the Simnel cake, which is made for Mothering Sunday in Mid-Lent. The story is that a husband and wife named Simon and Nelly quarrelled about the method of cooking a Lenten cake. Simon wanted to boil the ingredients, Nelly to bake them. In the end they compromised, and the cake was first boiled, then baked. The result was so good that the cake became famous and was called "Simnel."

Many dainty dishes are named after the towns which first produced them. Among them are Leamington cakes, Dundee cakes, Bath buns, Banbury cakes, Edinburgh rock, and Aylesbury ducks. Maids of Honor came originally from Richmond, Surrey, and are said to have been given their name by Anne Boleyn.

Cheises buns are no longer made only in Chelsea. The original bun house stood where is now the Pimlico road.

The origin of the Bath bun is unknown, but the history of the Bath Oliver biscuit is familiar. Its inventor was Dr. Oliver, a friend of Dr. Cadogan, physician to the Bath Mineral Water Hospital. Oliver invented the biscuit for the use of his patients at a time when the Abernethy and the Captain were the only other biscuits sold. He left the recipe to his coachman, Atkins, who started a small shop in Green street, Bath, and made a fortune.


**H. W. SMITH**
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
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Any size or shape, at much lower prices than you have been in the habit of paying.

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# The Express Printing House, Napanee.

# Five Fridays

Frank R. Adams

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I offered the passenger a suit of my clothes. "You're about my build," I suggested.

He looked at me with disfavor, as if to say, "I hope not," but accepted just the same.

I told the captain and the other man I would outfit them with some of Mr. Green's old clothes. I rummaged the closets, but all I could find was a slightly moth eaten suit of evening clothes and a red and white blazer. I had never suspected Mr. Green of owning anything as frivolous as that.

The captain possessed himself of the evening clothes and while he was putting them on I asked what had happened.

"I didn't have no business putting out," he replied, "but that good looking girl there seemed in an awful sweat to get to Fair View, and old as I be, I let her hornswoggle me. My biler were not in first class shape. In fact, I may say that some of her flues was constructed on the general principle of a doughnut, which is more hole than anything else. Jim, here, my engineer, ain't a regular engineer, being as how he learned by correspondence, but I hired him because he's one of the best cooks in the state. He must have done something wrong"

The other man tried to interrupt.

"I know"—the captain brushed him verbally one side—"but you must have done something. Anyhow we plumb lost our steam completely. Drowned the fires too. More we could do anything we straddled the rocks out here and you know the rest. Now if you want a rattling good cup of coffee and some bacon and eggs just turn Jim loose in the kitchen."

I looked at Bopp, and Bopp looked at Kent, who grinned.

"There ain't any coffee," he announced, "and there ain't any bacon and eggs."

"Well, anything will do, even tea."

"There ain't anything."

"What?" The passenger was on his feet in an instant. "Nothing to eat?"

"Not a thing."

"Good heavens!" he raved. "We'll all starve. I am positively faint with hunger now. What shall I do?"

"Why don't you try fainting?" suggested Bopp amiably.

"Besides I have an important engagement in Fair View," continued the passenger. "A friend of mine wired me that he was going to be married there this morning and I must prevent him."

"Prevent him?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes; marriage as an institution may be all right for the average intellect, but a man like Ned Blaney must not tie his genius down to the height attainable by a woman."

"Ned Blaney," I repeated. "That telegram must have been for him."

"Is there a telephone?" inquired the passenger.

We escorted him to it in a body.

Over the wire he asked for the best hotel in Fair View. That was a cinch for the operator.

"Hello.

"Is Mr. N. Blaney registered here?

"Thank you. Will you see if he is in his room?

"Just gone out? When he comes in will you please tell him to call up?—He turned to us. "What is the number of this telephone?"

"Tell him to call up Green's Island," I answered.

"Hello. Tell Mr. Blaney to call up Green's Island and ask for Mr. Lipton S. Clair. Goodby."

After he had hung up the receiver there was silence for a few moments; then Bopp in a tone of repressed emotion inquired, "May I ask if you are Mr. Lipton S. Clair?"

"Yes."

"The famous novelist and magazine writer?"

"I'd hardly say that, although I suppose my work is more or less widely known."

"And you," continued Bopp, checking off on his fingers, "feel faint from hunger and think that you will starve to death if you don't get food?"

"Is there anything strange in that?"

Bopp said nothing, but picked up a magazine which Lucile had left opened face downward on the table and handed it to Mr. Clair. He looked at it for a moment and then smiled.

"I remember when I wrote this. It was never a year ago. It's a bully theory, isn't it?"

"Didn't you ever try it?"

"Why, no. I've never had time. I've always wanted to meet some one who had made the experiment to see if I was right."

"You have met them." I thundered in the tones of a judge, "and you need not ask about the result of the experiment, because you are going to try it yourself."

A burst of applause greeted me from Bopp.

"Eating three meals a day is a habit." I quoted. "We have made tyrants of our stomachs. They demand to be fed every so often, and if we answer that demand we are slaves.'"

Lipton S. Clair groaned.

I explained how we had sent our supplies and cook away so that we should not be tempted.

"And when do you expect to receive more supplies?" he inquired.

"You were on the boat which was bringing the groceries," I informed him.

"Then they are out there in the lake?"

I nodded. He rushed out.

"Where are you going?" Kent yelled.

"To save some of those groceries," said the distinguished author.

This was such a wonderful idea that we all followed him. Kent, more thoughtful than the rest, pausing to get a clothesline from the shed.

It was still too rough to get out to where the Mary Bell had gone down even if we had possessed a boat, but boxes and crates of groceries, fruits and vegetables were still streaming into the leeward point of the cove.

We spent two hours trying to lasso these packages. Only one throw netted us anything, and when we had opened the case we found in it we found three dozen boxes of wet matches.

"How soon can I get away?" Clair asked Captain Perkins as we straggled up the path.

"That sea out there," mused the captain, "don't look like it had any intention of quitting for a couple of days anyhow, so just set."

"Stay here?"

"You guessed it."

Clair walked on in silence for a moment; then he voiced his thoughts thus: "I believe I can make copy out of this experience. I'll be a second Robinson Crusoe."

"Tears to me," debated the captain, "that you got an awful lot of society for a Robinson Crusoe. Seems like I enrolled this fellow Crusoe had only one nigger to wait on him."

"His man Friday," interpolated Bopp.

"That's the one. If you don't count the women and the dog there's six human souls on this island."

"That won't make any difference." I came to the rescue. "Every first class Uncle Tom's Cabin' show nowadays has two Topsys and two little Evas at least. We'll have one Robinson Crusoe and five Fridays."

"That's a good idea," assented Clair, enthusiastically following up the scheme with details. "I'll get a bell and whenever I want anything I'll ring for you."

"Fine," agreed Bopp, who began to see possibilities in the scheme. "We'll get you a lot of musical bells, so that the ringing won't annoy us any if you keep it up for some time."

"Maybe I could rig up an electric chime," Kent suggested, with an eye to mechanical details of which he alone was master. "We'd each have to have a number and only answer our own note on the chime. For instance, 'do' could be call for the girl who was Friday No. 1. That would be the captain here."

"Let me be Friday the thirteenth," Bopp continued, "and Jim, the galley mechanic, can be Black Friday. Kent, you're Good Friday—you get a hot cross bun. What shall I baptize you, Monty? I can't think of any more Fridays."

"Let me be Ash Wednesday. I don't care much for fish anyway."

By this time we had reached the house.

Lucile greeted us downstairs in the living room.

"Miss Dunmore is waiting for you."

I looked around to see whom she was addressing.

"I mean you, Mr. Blainey."

"Who is Miss Dunmore?"

"The lady whose life you saved. Do you mean to say that you didn't recognise her with those—things on?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"That's right," said Bopp. "No matter what you say we'll all of us agree that it's true. We men must stick together. Monty never saw the lady before."

This was especially despicable on the part of Bopp, as he knew as well as I did that the telegram had been for the other Blaney, whom Clair had spoken of.

"How about this, then?" inquired Lucile sweetly, handing me a damp newspaper clipping. "She had that in her hand all the time."

I looked at it in amazement. It was my own criticism of a production of "As You Like It," which had been staged the week before. One paragraph was marked with a blue pencil and read as follows:

"The fashionable audience which assembled to see Miss Langland as Rosalind was obviously disappointed when the management announced that Miss Langland was indisposed and that her understudy would play the part. Before the first act was over, however, the discriminating ones in front knew that they had been present at the birth of a new star. The management need never again offer excuses for presenting Miss Vida Dunmore as Rosaline. The public had never dreamed that Rosalind could be as physically perfect as Miss Dunmore made us see her. Shakespeare could never have written the part had he seen Miss Dunmore's figure. He would have known that Rosalind in tights could not for an instant deceive Orlando as to her sex.

It is impossible to say more than that the part and the boots have never been more perfectly filled. Miss Dunmore comes from a famous theatrical family, and neither her Cousin Ethel nor her Uncle Jack need fear that the family laurels will fade in Miss Dunmore's possession. Her voice has the true ring of silver in it, while she seems too sweet to be heard by an entire audience.

I had written in a burst of enthusiasm over a perfect bit of artistry. Taken away from the context of the review, however, the paragraph did sound a trifle eulogistic.

"Hadn't you better go up and see her?" urged Lucile. "She is conscious now, and she seemed so pleased when I told her you were here. I didn't tell her that you were the one who rescued her. I thought she would prefer to hear that from your own lips."

If I had known as much then as I do now about girl psychology I could have read jealousy into every word Lucile spoke, and it would have comforted me a lot. As it was, I let her drive me upstairs and into the room occupied by Miss Dunmore.

I entered alone. Dressed in one of Lucile's negligees she was propped up in bed. My dramatic criticism was right. She was pretty. There was a veil of charm about her such as one expects to find around a convent bred girl who knows nothing of the world.

"Did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"You are Mr. Green?" she hesitated. "No? I have seen no one except the lady, and I didn't understand whether she said Miss or Mrs."

Her voice lost none of its quality through not being heard over the footlights. It vibrated like the "G" string on a violin.

"Miss Green it is," I informed her. "She said you wanted to see me. I'm Mr. Blainey."

"Not the playwright?"

"No, the dramatic critic."

## CHAPTER VIII.
### More Complications.

"I KNEW you didn't look like Ned Blaney," the girl said. "You see, I'm engaged to him, and I ought to know what he looks like unless I'm delirious. What dramatic critic are you?"

"I'm the only one who is not the author of an unproduced play."

"I'm sorry you're a critic. I don't like critics, except one. I had a clipping that he wrote about me that was the one thing that I saved from the wreck. I'd show it to you, but Miss Green borrowed it."

"This is it." I handed her the water soaked fragment of paper.

"Did you read it?" she exclaimed with girlish enthusiasm. "Isn't he a dear?"

"Thank you," I murmured.

"Are you *that* dramatic critic?" she demanded, sitting bolt upright in bed and holding out her hands to me.

Lucile Saw Our Handclasp.

My impulse was to take her in my arms just as any one would pick up a child, but I knew she did not intend anything like that, so I took both her hands instead.

Just at that moment some one rapped and Miss Dunmore said, "Come in."

Lucile entered, saw our handclasp, blushed and stammered, "I didn't mean to intrude."

"Intrude? Not a bit of it," chattered the other. "I want to thank you for sending such a adorable man up to me. I think I've been in love with him ever since he wrote that article in the paper about me last week."

Of course she meant as much by that as you mean when you say that you just love ice cream soda or buckwheat pancakes with sausage, or whatever it is that you do just love, but to Lucile it verified all that she had suspected. With one scornful glance at me she left the room with a murmured excuse about finding some clothing for Miss Dunmore to put on.

That took from Lucile would have spoiled for me the brightest day that ever was minted, but the young lady had not noticed it.

"I wonder why she didn't stay," she mused. "I'm afraid she doesn't like me. I wonder if it is on account of the clothes I wore. It was just an accident that I had them in my grip. Ned—that's my fiance, you know—thought I looked well in that costume, so I was always going to keep it, even after I was an old married woman with ten children. I wonder if the water will hurt it?"

I told her I thought it would be all right when it was dried.

"The captain said my tailored skirt was too heavy to swim in and told me to take it off. I did—and put my costume on instead. Was it too dreadful?"

Soon Kent came up with a bundle of clothes for Miss Dunmore from the beach, and promising to wait for her downstairs, I entered myself and went in search of Lucile.

I found Captain Perkins and Jim, a nondescript picture in the evening clothes and blazer suit, wandering ill at ease about the living room. I asked for Miss Green.

"She went out with that other young man," said the captain. "She said she was going to look for some more things. I had almost forgotten the missing Mrs. Green. I was about to start out searching again when I remembered my promise to Miss Dunmore.

"And where is Mr. Clair?" I asked.

"I seen him out in the yard looking for walnuts under them hard maple trees," volunteered Jim. "I didn't tell him they weren't a nut bearing tree on this island. What's the use? It ain't nutting time yet nohow."

Miss Dunmore came downstairs in a dress of Lucile's, or, rather a blouse and skirt of the sailor suit order. She seemed very little ruffled by her adventure on the high seas.

"Where is Miss Green?" she asked, looking around. "I want to thank her for her kindness."

"She is out searching for her mother." That sounded like a foolish statement, so I qualified it. "Her mother disappeared last night during the storm."

"Oh!" Miss Dunmore did not seem particularly impressed. "I don't see how any one could get lost on a little island like this."

"That's where the mystery comes in. There are only about half a dozen places she could be, and we've looked in all of them."

"I had a brother who was killed in his sleep," said Captain Perkins, following up a train of thought suggested by Mrs. Green's disappearance. "Do you want to hear the story about the funny place where the zebra bit him?"

"A little later," I suggested hastily. "Just now we are ought to scatter and help look for Mrs. Green."

"How was she dressed?" Captain Perkins inquired.

"I dont know. I'm not sure whether she was dressed at all or not—that is, she probably had on a kimono or something, but I don't think she had on regular skirts and things."

"We might take a stroll along the beach," suggested Jim, whom I suspected of wanting to display his striped clothing in public. "Possibly we might find something we could eat."

After the captain and Jim had started out Miss Dunmore seemed lost in deep and bewildered thought. I forebore to break in on so portentous a brain struggle.

At last she spoke. "Where do you suppose the zebra did bite Captain Perkins' brother?"

"If you go with him perhaps he will tell you." I said, with an idea of doing my searching alone with a weather eye constantly peeled for Lucile and Bopp.

"No," she demurred, "I would much rather go hunting with you. It will be more fun."

Evidently she thought that hunting old ladies in the underbrush was one of our innocent island pastimes.

I sighed. We sallied forth. If I had wanted to run across Lucile when I was alone I was just as anxious to avoid her while I was in the company of Miss Dunmore.

"Do we have to find her before lunch?"

I explained painstakingly the remote possibility either of finding Mrs. Green or of having any lunch. Contrary to my expectations, she took the information about the lack of food just as cheerfully as she had everything else. I don't believe it would be possible to dampen the spirits of that girl—not that she was unresponsive to another's distress, for I have rarely met one so sympathetic, but she was persistently optimistic.

"I don't mind going without lunch a bit," she smiled. "I very seldom eat anything until after the show at night anyway. Only there won't be any show tonight to eat after, will there? That will seem funny. I've always been in show ever since I was a kid, except a few weeks in the middle of summer, and then generally I was rehearsing."

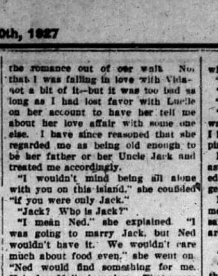
She laughed gayly.

Vida chattered away with all the heedless gayety of a child who knows that some one is going to provide the next meal. She told me at length about her fiance. That took a lot of the romance out of our walk. Not that I was falling in love with Vida—not a bit of it—but it was too bad as long as I had lost favor with Lucile on her account to have her tell me about her love affair with some one else. I have since reasoned that she regarded me as being old enough to be her father or her Uncle Jack and treated me accordingly.

"I wouldn't mind being all alone with you on this island," she confided "if you were only Jack."

"Jack? Who is Jack?"

"I mean Ned," she explained. "I was going to marry Jack, but Ned wouldn't have it. We wouldn't care much about food even," she went on. "Ned would find something for me. He's dreadfully ingenious. That comes



I Picked Her Up Easily and Splashed Through.

from writing plays, I guess. One has to be clever to think out plots for plays, don't you think?"

"Not most of them." I lapsed into my critical manner. "Not as clever as you have to be to sell them."

"He wrote a play once about two people on a desert island. There was a bully part for the girl in it. They found bananas and cocoanuts to eat and some kind of birds' eggs."

"In plays and stories dealing with castaways on an island," I explained, "the scene is always conveniently located on a tropical island where all sorts of food products grow wild. May I ask if in Mr. Blaney's play there was any treasure buried on the island?"

"Yes," she assented.

"And were they attacked by savages armed with poisoned darts?"

"Oh, you've read his play!"

"No, but I know just what ought to be in every castaway story. This island that we are on, you see, is quite different. Nothing more nourishing than spruce gum ever grows here, and there isn't a native with a poisoned dart within a thousand miles unless you count Lucile."

"What do you mean by that?"

I did not answer. An idea had germinated from something she had said. There was a natural food resource on the island—I might be able to develop it quietly by myself and then if it was successful confer it as a boon on the entire community.

When we were about two-thirds of the way around the island a stinging patter of raindrops drove us to shelter. There was a small lattice summer house overlooking the lake near by, and we hastened toward it. In our path was a shallow strip of water left by the waves of the night before and augmented by the rain. Vida looked in dismay at the muddy water.

"I never can cross it!" she wailed. "These are Miss Green's shoes, and I must not ruin them."

"We've got to get under cover," I argued.

"You could carry me across," she suggested practically—"that is, if you can lift me."

"I carried you farther than that this morning."

"Were you the brave man who risked his life for me?" she exclaimed impulsively, then added with native conceit: "I know Ned can never thank you enough. Just pick me up in your big strong arms and put me down on the minute we get across."

So she gathered her skirts carefully about her, and I picked her up easily and splashed through the puddle. I carried her into the summer house. Lucile and Bopp were there. I stood a moment in stupefied silence and then put Vida down.

"It started to rain." I stammered, "and we had to hunt up shelter. Miss Dunmore was so afraid of spoiling your clothes."

"That's all right," said Lucile sweetly. "I don't mind their being wrinkled a bit. I'm going to have that suit pressed anyway."

Floundering in the net of a woman's sarcasm, I was utterly at a loss for an answer.

### CHAPTER IX.
### Engaged If—

"I DON'T believe you have met Mr. Bopp yet," said Lucile to Vida as the girl gained her breath. "At least you were not conscious when you first saw each other."

"What name did you say?"

"Mr. Bopp, my fiance."

"Your fiance?" I ejaculated.

"Yes." Lucile turned to me. "I wanted to tell you two the first ones, I knew you would appreciate our happiness."

My mind refused to grasp this distance. I had never seriously considered Bopp as running even a very dangerous second.

My mind puzzling over Lucile's statement, I heard Vida's clear soft voice saying, "Mr. Bopp, I am pleased—why, aren't you called 'Boppy?'"

"Boppy" repeated Lucile curiously.

"Yes, don't you call him that? All the girls in the 'Show Girl' company did. I was in the chorus then. We used to regard him as almost one of the company, he was around with us so much. We had a good time that season," she added reflectively.

Lucile murmured, "I should imagine so."

"I know you will be happy," Vida was saying. "I've been engaged a good many times and I enjoy it more every time."

"You must be terribly tired, Monty," I heard Lucile say; "no sleep for thirty-six hours. Good food for three days. I wish that there were something that I could do for you."

I listened in agonement. Could this be Lucile, and was she addressing me? She was. I puzzled over the gentleness in her tones and the solicitude she was showing for my welfare. I did not hit upon the answer then, but I have since.

After awhile the rain let up, and we went back to the house to see what the others might have discovered and lay a plan of campaign. Vida elected to stay out of doors, and I suggested that she take on Mr. Clair for a walk. I told her that he was a woman hater and thus inadvertently aroused her interest.

"I'll have to make him change his ideas." She looked up at me innocently. "Do you think I can do it?"

"Ask him," I suggested.

"Meaning that you don't think I can, I'll bet my seal ring against yours that I can make him propose before dark. Mine is a very curious one too. A Russian duke gave it to me. I never met him, but he sent it to my dressing room with some flowers."

It seemed to me to be a possible way to gain a little solitude for reflection, and I assented to the wager.

"You don't intend to tell him, then, that you are engaged already?"

"Oh, no, not until he proposes. Of course I might like him better than I do Ned. Then I'd never tell him."

I could see that Ned Blaney was going to have the time of his life immediately after he found himself hitched for the rest of his life to this waiting young person. Vida was not one of those who would pass by an inviting pasture lot simply because she was in harness.

The rest of us went into the house. As we came in the telephone was ringing. Asking Lucile's permission, I answered it.

"Hello!" said a male voice, speaking with exercise sharpness, "May I speak to Mr. Lipton S. Clair?"

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and turned around. Lucile had gone upstairs, but Bopp was gazing idly out of the window.

"Is Mr. Clair still there in the yard?" I asked him.

"No; he went off down the beach with Miss Dunmore."

"Hello!" I spoke again into the telephone. "Mr. Clair was here a moment ago, but he has just gone for a walk with a young lady."

"Impossible!" The voice at the other end shot that emphatically at me.

"It's so."

"Clair is a woman hater."

"What if he is? This one is going to convert him."

"Humph. She can't do it. Who is she?"

"Her name is Miss Vida Dunmore."

"Vida Dunmore there?"

"Certainly."

"Thank heaven!" he ejaculated fervently. "I've been waiting for hours for her to get here. How does she come to be there?"

I explained to the young man, who proved to be Ned Blaney, as I had already suspected, all about the wreck of the Mary Bell and the casting ashore of her passengers.

"Thanks very much," said Blaney, with considerable relief in his voice. "I'll come right over after her. Don't tell her that I called up and I will surprise her. Goodby."

He hung up before I could tell him that he probably couldn't get any kind of boat to come over to the island, but I judged that he would find that out soon enough for himself.

"Where's Miss Green?" I asked Bopp.

"I advised her to lie down for a little while and rest. This search is wearing her out. She is leaving everything in my charge."

"I presume that congratulations are in order." I said, extending my hand with as good a show of cordiality as I could muster. "I do congratulate you, Mr. Bopp."

"We're not regularly engaged," Bopp said soutly. "She has promised to be mine if I can find her mother. That makes me just about as near engaged to her as if we had never met."

So Lucile's promise had a string tied to it. My heart leaped exultantly. There was a chance yet.

"Let's have a drink on the strength of your engagement anyway," I said, starting toward the kitchen.

"Water?" queried Bopp, hoping against hope.

"Why, yes."

"No, thanks. My tummie is looking for Mount Ararat now." He sank disconsolately into a seat. In a moment he rose wearily. "I've got to start out again. I promised Lucile I would search while she rested."

Hardly had he left the house when the telephone rang again. I answered it.

"Hello."

"Hello. Is that you, Mr. Blainey? Will you call Lucile to the telephone? I want to"—

The voice ceased abruptly.

"Hello," I called, "hello, hello!"

There was no answer.

The voice I had just been listening to was that of Mrs. Green.

After awhile I got central's attention and demanded to be told why I had been cut off.

"That party called up from a private telephone," said central sweetly. "She had no right to use it. It is a summer telephone only and the instrument is to be taken out next week."

"But it was Mrs. Green who was talking."

"I couldn't be," central was positive. "You are speaking from Mrs. Green's residence yourself."

"It was Mrs. Green. I recognized her voice."

"Just a minute." There was a pause, then "Hello. That party called up from Huntingdon's. What could Mrs. Green be doing there on a stormy day like this?"

I could not explain to a gossipy telephone operator what had really happened to Mrs. Green. I did not know much about it myself, and the few facts of her disappearance that I was cognizant of would hardly sound well if repeated.

"Mrs. Green," I hazarded, "went out walking, and I suppose she stopped in at Mr. Huntingdon's."

"Do you know," asked central, "that Huntingdon's is on a small island three miles south of where you are and three miles from the mainland? The walking is not very good."

I felt as if I had stepped off into space from a high platform. "Probably—that is, the chances are"—I floundered—"the chances are that she decided to row, and the wind may have carried her out of her way."

I finally persuaded central to call up Huntingdon's. I think it was curiosity that made her relent, for I could be sure that she would be listening to whatever might be said by Mrs. Green and myself.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Mrs. Green! This is Mr. Blainey."

"Hello, Mr. Blainey!" There was a ring of ladylike indignation in her voice. "Can you explain to me, Mr. Blainey, how I happened to find myself in a rowboat out in the middle of the lake, wearing my red silk dress and a nightcap tied under one ear?"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Green, central is listening."

"I don't care. She always does. She probably wants to know just as much as I do. What happened? Was there an earthquake? I remember the island was sort of wobbly and hard to walk on."

"No, there wasn't any earthquake," I answered. "We were fasting, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember that, but I'm not any more. The first thing I did when I landed was to break into this house and cook myself a can of baked beans. How funny if there wasn't any earthquake. I remember the floor of the house all running in funny little waves."

"I'm afraid our time must be nearly up," I suggested in the hope of turning the conversation. "Central will cut us off."

"No, I won't," interposed a third voice, the sweetly professional one of the operator. "Talk all you want to. There ain't anybody waiting for the line."

"I suppose I must have got into the boat when the earthquake commenced," persisted Mrs. Green, "but how did I get on the decollete red dress? And where did I get the nightcap? I have not worn that dress for ten years."

I told her that we would have to wait until she got home to explain a number of things. "Lucile will be very glad to know that you are safe," I added casually as if she had just gone over to a neighbor's, hoping to deceive central. "She was afraid you might get wet."

"Did Lucile know I was going?" inquired the startled Mrs. Green, who apparently did not catch on to my acting.

"No, not until after you had started," I said, skirting the edge of the truth neatly. "She will be very glad to hear that you are all right. I'll tell her as

(Continued on page 5)

## Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-
AW SHUCKS! THERE'S TH' SAP STRETCH ED OUT IN MY BABY-CHAIR AGIN! AN' IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S SETTLED HIMSELF FOR TH' EVENIN'!
AW THIS IS RELIGIOUS
WHAT'S THAT PA DARLING? CEDRIC IN YOUR CHAIR? WHY—THE IDEA! THE VERY IDEA!
WELL IT LASTS
NOW NOT A WORD, CEDRIC— GIVE PA THAT CHAIR. THIS MINUTE! AND YOU'D BETTER GET HIM ANOTHER PILLOW FOR HIS BACK!
WINGTON
M-MY WORD! WHERE HAVE I COME OVAH MOTHAH? I SIMPLY CAWN'T UNDAH-STAND HIS ACTIONS LATELY!
Y-THAT MAKES TWO OF US!

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Napanee, - Ontario

## BY-LAW NO. —

**By-Law for Borrowing $12,000 Upon Debentures to Pay for the Cost of Repairing and Enlarging the Town Hall.**

Whereas it is deemed necessary and desirable in the public interest to repair and enlarge the Town Hall in the Town of Napanee, and

Whereas in order thereto, it is necessary to borrow the sum of $12,000.00 on the credit of the Corporation and to issue debentures therefor bearing interest at the rate of 5% per annum, which is the amount of the debt to be created by this by-law, and

Whereas it is expedient to make the principal of said debt repayable in yearly sums during the period of twenty years of such amounts respectively that the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest in any year, shall be equal as nearly as may be to the amount so payable for principal and interest in any of the other years, and

Whereas it will be necessary to raise annually the sum of $952.90 during the period of twenty years to pay the said sums of principal and interest as they become due, and

Whereas the whole rateable property of the Town of Napanee, according to the last revised assessment roll, is the sum of $1,866,474.00, and the existing debenture debt exclusive of local improvement debts secured by special acts, rolls or assessments is the sum of $199,573.06, of which there is no part of the principal or interest in arrears.

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Town of Napanee, as follows:—

1. It shall be lawful for the said Mayor to cause any number of debentures to be made for such sums of money as may be required, not less than $100.00 each, and not exceeding in the whole the sum of $12,000.00, and the said debentures shall be sealed with the seal of the Corporation and signed by the Mayor, and countersigned by the Treasurer, and shall be used to raise the sum of $12,000.00 by way of loan for the purposes aforesaid.

2. The said debt shall be payable by annual instalments within twenty years, and shall be issued within two years from the passing of this by-law.

3. The said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of 5% per annum, which interest shall be paid half yearly at the office of the said Treasurer in the said Town of Napanee, and the said debentures shall have interest coupons attached to them, which coupons shall be signed by the Treasurer, whose signature may be printed or lithographed thereon. Such instalments of principal shall be of such amount that with the interest in respect to the debt payable as aforesaid the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest in each year shall be as nearly as possible the same and provided that each instalment of principal may be for an even $100.00, $500.00, $1000.00 or multiples thereof, and the annual instalments of principal and interest may differ in amount sufficient to admit thereof.

5. That during the currency of said debentures there shall be raised annually by special rate on all the rateable property of the Town of Napanee, the sum of $962.90 for the purpose of paying the amount due in each of the said years for principal and interest in respect of the said debt.

6. The said debentures shall be sold and the proceeds thereof shall be applied in paying and discharging the cost for the repairing and enlarging the Town Hall as aforesaid, and in no other way, and for no other purposes whatever.

7. This by-law shall come into force and take effect after it has been submitted to the electors entitled to vote thereon, and has received the consent of the electors so voting and after a final passing thereof.

Mayor.
Clerk.

First Reading—December 8th, 1927.
Second Reading — December 8th, 1927.
Third Reading—

The foregoing is a true copy of a proposed by-law, and if the assent of the electors is obtained to it, it will be taken into consideration by the Council after the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication which said date of the first publication is the 9th day of December 1927, and any tenant who is entitled to vote and who desires to vote, must deliver to the Clerk not later than the tenth day before the day appointed for taking the vote, the declaration provided for by sub-section 3 of section 265 of the Consolidated Municipal Act, 1922, and

Take further notice that the vote upon said by-law shall be taken on the 2nd day of January, 1928, at the annual Municipal Election, and the Mayor shall attend at the Council Chamber, on Saturday, the 31st day of December, 1927, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of appointing persons to attend at the polling places and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk..

Dated December 8th, A.D., 1927
W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.

**The Town Hall By-Law.**

At the same time as the regular Municipal Election, the property owners of the town will be asked to vote on a by-law to borrow $12,000 for the improvement of the Town Hall. While most ratepayers are of the opinion that enough money has been spent at the present time, the Council are not altogether to blame for the town hall expenditure. The paving of the Market Square, which everyone will admit is a decided improvement, and which all the money it cost, rendered it necessary to move the weigh scales and rebuild the approaches to the Municipal building. The scales had already been condemned by the Inspector of Weights and Measures, and it became necessary to purchase new scales, with a capacity large enough to handle much larger vehicles than the old scales, which had done duty for a long time. All of these things led to further necessary expenditures and a further expenditure is now necessary next year in order to complete the plan. The town hall is very much in need of further repairs and the proposed additions at back and front are needed and long overdue. By making these repairs and additions at the present time, the Municipal building will be made an attractive building, in keeping with the rest of Market Square and be as asset to the town. The town is not overloaded with debt and this small addition to the debt will not be noticed in any ratepayers' tax bill.

**Roll wrapping, cotton twine in conns.**
**EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.**

40-1

**Oysters Oysters**

For the Festive Season we have an extra supply of

**Fresh Virginia Oysters**

to take care of the demand. Let PERRY'S supply you with solid meat OYSTERS.

**Perry's Grocery,**
Opposite Royal Hotel
'Phone 130.

**ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.**
Belleville, Ontario.
(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates**. Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.

Students may start at any time.
Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

J. L. MOORE, Principal.

**When Your Money Travels by Mail**

SEND your remittances by Standard Bank Money Orders. They are convenient, efficient and economical. The money is fully insured against loss or theft in transit. It can reach only the person to whom it is addressed. Standard Bank Money Orders are as good as cash and are acceptable anywhere in Canada.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

## GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Place of Jesus' Birth."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Difference Christ has Made."
Special Christmas music at both services.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

## BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor.

Hay Bay Church: Christmas service 10.45 a.m.
Bethany Church: Christmas service 2.30 p.m.; Quarterly services Jan. 6th and 8th.
Anderson Church: Christmas service 7.30 p.m.

## ST. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of St. Mary Magdalene Church

Christmas Day services—
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

## VARIETY SHOWER.

On Wednesday evening, October 5th, the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Herkimer Lasher met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Benson and presented them with a variety shower. Following is a list of the presents:

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Denison, oa kdining room suite; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lasher $5.00; Miss Tressa Denison, toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. George Hay, $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lasher, pearl-handled pickle fork and sugar shell; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Mowers, half doz. silver teaspoons; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wayte linen tablecloth and pair bath towels; Mr. White Smith $1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Snider, Turkish towelleg; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Denison, silver pie server; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wilson, pyrex plate; Mr. and Mrs. James N. Richmond $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. John Craig $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Amos Storey $2.00;

Mr. George Wayte 50c.; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pringle silver casserole; Mr. and Mrs. John Bellen, $5.00; Mrs. Charlotte Arnold, lace-trimmed pillow slips and gown; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarlane, artificial silk bed-spread; Master Ivan McFarlane, broom; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wayte $1.00; Mr. Robert Wayte and daughter, Mary, Toronto, half doz. silver teaspoons; Misses Edna and Flossie Denison, china cake plate; Miss Bessie Richmond, cut glass cream and sugar; Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, cream and sugar and aluminum double cooker; Mr. and Mrs. Hannah Wayte, covered aluminum stewpot; Mr. Oswald Belton, $1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richmond, $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Pringle agate rice boiler; Mr. Edide Will Pringle 50c.; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pringle, pair bath towels; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Snider, pair glass pickle dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barranger, five-piece hand painted condiment set; Miss Neta Pringle, guest set; Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Dafoe, pair bath towels and $1.00; Mrs. Francis Frailick, hand embroidered linen centre-piece; Mr. Percy Pringle, china berry set; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Richmond, china fruit bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Young pair bath towels; Miss Violet Pringle, china milk pitcher; Mrs. Riley Pringle, guest towel; Miss Aletha Yates, cream whipper; Mr. and Mrs. George Young, cut glass lemonade set; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Young roll turkish towelling; Mr. and Mrs. John Hartin, pair flannelette blankets; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tyner, agate potato pot; Mr. Charlie and Miss Violet Sedore, covered aluminum kettle; Master Kenneth Bradshaw, toothpick holder; Mrs. Eliza Sedore, linen tablecloth; Mrs. Eliza Hartin, china salad bowl; Miss Violet Hartin, towel and glass towel rack; Miss Beulah and Mr. Carleton Dafoe, $1.50; Miss Elsie Hart, wash board; Mr. Wesley Bradshaw, china cake plate; Miss Susie Davis, pan cake turner; Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Davis, aluminum dipper; Miss Cora Davis, egg turner; Mr. Willie Davis, automatic egg beater; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Busby, $1.00; Miss Ruby Richmond, glass water pitcher; Miss Helen York, pair guest towels; Mr. and Mrs. Christian Harris, glass washboard; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Richmond $2.00; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott, silver butter dish and knife; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Waddell, Jr., $1.00; Misses Norma and Madeline Waddell, fancy salt and pepper shakers; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dafoe, bath towel; Miss Treca Davis, china cake plate and egg beater; Miss Iva and Mr. Tommy Tyner, aluminum colander; Miss Velma Davis, Japanned tray; Marjorie Sedore, glass fruit bowl; Mr. Hugh Tyner, china cream and sugar; Miss Hazel Martin, glass celery tray; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McConnell, cut glass water set and celery tray; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Richmond, agate tea pot; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley York, agate rice boiler; Mr. Archie Davis, aluminum salt and pepper shakers; Mr. Jas. Hartin, 50c.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young, hand painted china cake plate; Miss Reta Badgley, glass bon-bon dish; Miss Reta Whiteman, sofa pillow cover; Mr. Archie Davis, 25c.; Miss B. White, $1.00; Mr. John McCann, 50c.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Young, fancy cream and sugar and teapot; Mr. Wm. Dafoe 50c.; Master Francis Young, Young spoon' tray; Mr. Ross Asselstine, china pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Waddell, $1.00; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Arnold and family, hand painted china salad bowl and pair bath towels; Mr. and Mrs. Milton Smith, embroidered linen table runner; Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, steel engravings; Westplain Sunday school, leather covered Bible, together with the following address:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lasher—

We, the members of your class and also Sunday school meet here tonight to show our appreciation of your faithful service and regular attendance at our Sabbath school, by presenting you with a Bible, the precious Word of God. We hope in sorrow it may be your comfort and a delight to read at all times.

We are glad to know you will still be members of our class, and worship God with us.

Wishing you many years of happiness together as you journey along the pathway of life.

Signed on behalf of the class and Westplain Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Herkimer Lasher wish to thank their many friends for the many beautiful and useful gifts presented to them at their shower.

## TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

CHRISTMAS SERVICE DEC. 25th.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
Christmas Pipes of County Clare: Traditional.
Pastorale—Dubois-Smart.
Adeste Fideles, variations with chimes—Baird.
Evening Service.
Processional Hymn—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."
Carol—Holy Night, arranged by Aneer.
Anthem—"It came upon the Midnight Clear"—Sullivan.
Ladies voices, Sicilian Carol with chimes, "Gesu Bambino"—Yon.
Organ Solo—Xmas in Sicily—Yon.
Anthem—"There were Shepherds"—Maunder.
Anthem—"Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing"—Havens.
Vesper—Nunc Dimittis.
Organ—"Hallelujah"—Handel.
Christmas sermons at both services.

**Train Service.**

Passengers contemplating a railroad journey should call upon J. L. Boyes & Son for all particulars as to holiday train service.

## NOVELTY DANCE.

"Fantastic Club" is holding a novelty dance in Odessa Town Hall, on December 30th; tonight 5-piece orchestra. Prizes given to best dancers. Admission $1.15 per couple. Come and enjoy the evening. 4-bp

**Useful Christmas Gifts.**

We have a splendid assortment of hammered brass candlesticks, vases, ash trays, also serving trays, carving sets, casseroles, Pyrex covers, stainless steel knives, community plate, silverware, aluminumware. You will find this excellent Christmas stock at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

**Results Coal Guessing Contest of Wilfred S. Wilson, Coal Merchant.**

Weight of lump is 2093. Mr. G. Selwyn Black, of Centre St., guessed 2140 lbs. and was nearest to the correct weight. He receives one ton of Lehigh Valley Anthracite free. There were 575 guesses registered, ranging from 350 lbs. to 3750 lbs.

Napanee, Dec. 20th, 1927.

To Wilfred S. Wilson,
Napanee, Ont.

This is to certify that I have weighed the Lump of Lehigh Valley Anthracite Coal on display in front of your office on Centre street and found the same weighs 2093 lbs.

ED. J. ROY,
Mayor of Napanee.

**Damaged by Fire.**

About eleven thirty o'clock on Saturday evening, dense smoke was seen coming from the building occupied by Mr. H. Huffman as a grocery store on Centre street, just east of the market. An alarm was rung in and the firemen responded quickly and in a short time had the fire out, but not before considerable damage had resulted. The fire had its origin in the rear of the building, which was used principally as a place for storing surplus stock, and in this part of the building fire, water and smoke did considerable damage. The damage to the stock in the front part of the building was caused by heat and smoke. The plate glass windows in the store front and the glass in the front door, were cracked by the heat from the fire.

**Annual Week of Prayer.**

Following the precedent of last year, the three United Churches and the Salvation Army of our town will unite in a week of prayer services beginning Tuesday evening, January 3rd. The following will be the order of the services, and the topics discussed and the speakers:

January 3rd—St. Andrew's church—"The Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness," by Rev. H. Pawson.

January 4th—Grace church—"Redemption," by Edgar Rowe.

January 5th—Trinity church—"Sanctification," by Rev. W. P. Woodger.

January 6th—Salvation Army Citadel—"Christ the Saviour," by Rev. A. J. Wilson.

The services will begin each night at 7.30 p.m.

**The Mayor's Spread.**

At the conclusion of the last meeting of the Napanee Council on Thursday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy entertained the members of Council, the Board of Health, the town officials and the police force to a banquet at Caton's restaurant, where a nice oyster supper was in waiting. Following the lunch the usual short speeches were indulged in for an hour. Mr. M. P. Graham, the newly appointed County Magistrate acted as chairman. After expressing the thanks of the gathering to Mayor Roy for the generous entertainment, Mr. Graham expressed the hope that as Mr. Roy had made a striking success at Mayor in 1927 he should consider the matter and again accept a nomination for the Mayor's chair for 1928. Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Dr. Ming, M. L.A., Reeve Boyes, Clerk W. A. Grange, and the members of the retiring council and the Medical Health Officer all expressed their appreciation of the kindness of the Mayor on the present occasion, and his uniform success in presiding over the meetings of the council during the year. All expressed the hope that Mayor Roy would again accept nomination as Mayor for 1928.

The entrance to the Post Office on John street, which has been closed for the past two or three weeks, was re-opened again on Monday, which will be greatly appreciated by the citizens, as it will greatly facilitate the Christmas rush.

**ASSURANCE**

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FUNERAL EQUIPMENT
MILLERSTOWN WINDOW SHADES

**CHILDREN ALMOST HATE CROSS, NERVOUS MOTHER**

"My children almost hated me, I was so cross. Thanks to Vinol, my nervousness is all gone and we are happy again."—Mrs. T. Johnstone.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

**WONDERLAND**

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"TWINKLETOES," Colleen Moore's starring vehicle is an adaptation by Winifred Dunn of one of those fascinating, colorful tales Thomas Burke has written of the London Limehouse district.

Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"TAKE IT FROM ME," Reginald Denny's latest Universal, starring picture a lively farce comedy.

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Tulips, cheese and ice were the three important and stupendous problems faced in the production of Marion Davies' latest Cosmopolitan vehicle, "THE MAD MILL," a colorful romance of Holland.

Also a special comedy.

Special Matinee Monday, at 3 p.m. As is our usual custom, all children under 12 years will be admitted free.

**GEO. TUSTIN, Prop**
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

**Poultry Wanted.**

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

**Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in conns.**
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

**McINTOSH BROS.,**

**CHRISTMAS SPECIALS**

**FOR THE LADIES**

Ladies' Silk Scarves from $1.49 up.
Ladies' Purses and Vanity Cases from 98c. up.
Ladies' Gloves—Chamoisette, Kid, etc., from 49c. up.
Ladies' Pure Silk Hose (full fashioned) $1.95 pair.
We have a nice range of Ladies' Handkerchiefs, with or without boxes, at real gift prices.
Ladies' Silk Slips, Nightdresses, Bloomers, etc.,—make dainty gifts.
Ladies' Umbrellas from $1.95 up.

**TOWELS**

Pure Linen Guest Towels from 35c. each.
Bath Towels from 35c. each.
Guest Sets: 2 Face Cloths, 1 Towel, 75c. set.

**DON'T FAIL TO VISIT OUR CHINA DEPARTMENT**

Tea Sets—we have a nice range to choose from.
China Cups and Saucers from 15c.
China Salad Bowls from 25c. up.
Bon Bon Dishes and Pickle Dishes from 25c. up.
China Cake Plates from 50c. up.
China Sugar and Creams from 50c. up.
Dinnerware—we carry the largest assortment in town. Come in and see the very newest.

**A piece of Silverware makes a very acceptable gift—Candlesticks, Vases, Salt and Peppers, Butter Dishes, etc.**

**GLASSWARE**

Tumblers from 5c. each.
Goblets, Sherbets, Wines, Bon Bons, Pickles—all one price 25c. each.
Decanter Sets—Bottle and six Glasses, $1.00.

**DOLLS! DOLLS! AND MORE DOLLS**

We have a special clearing line, values up to $1.50—out they go at 59c. each.
The Rose Marie Doll—the best Doll on the market—to be had only at McIntosh Bros.—$1.69 each.

**AND DON'T FORGET THE OLD MAN**

Gents' Ties, neatly boxed, from 50c. up.
Gents' Silk Scarves from 69c. up.
Gents' Socks from 50c. pair.
Gents' Dress Shirts from 98c. up.
Gents' Pure Wool Sweaters from $2.25.

**DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING AT**

**McINTOSH BROS.,**

**AND SAVE TIME AND WORRY**

*We now take this opportunity of wishing our numerous Friends and Customers "The Compliments of the Season."*

# Five Fridays

(Continued from page 3)

soon as she wakes up. She is resting now."

"Sleeping? Now? What for?"

"Why," I explained, "she was up all night."

"What? And all alone on that island with you two young fellows and no chaperon?"

"Oh, no," I hastened to reassure her and central, "not alone with us! There are a lot of people here—six or seven. I should say."

"Holding a convention of earthquake sufferers, I suppose," Mrs. Green surmised caustically. "What sort of people are they?"

"Oh, very nice people," I answered promptly. "One of them is a lady."

"How do you know she is a lady," inquired Mrs. Green—"just because she happened to be wearing skirts when she arrived?"

"Oh, no!" I said hastily. How could I tell this elderly, dignified lady that our feminine guest had not worn skirts on her arrival.

"Humph!" Mrs. Green was not particularly impressed. "The sooner I get back the better. You'll have to send some one over after me because there weren't any cars in the boat I came in. I wouldn't go out in a rowboat again anyway. Send a big boat or I won't leave here."

"I'll send for you just as soon as I can." I was glad to have the conversation draw to a close. It had been bad enough already, but who could tell what else might come out if we kept on talking? "The storm ought to quiet down soon now. Goodby for the present."

"Wait a minute. I want to ask"—

I am afraid I was guilty of rank discourtesy in hanging up the receiver before I heard her question, but I knew I should be unable to answer it anyway, and I had to take the opportunity to think what it was all about.

First of all, Lucile must be told and an end put to her anxiety. I went upstairs and called "Lucile!"

CHAPTER X.

The Claim Hunter.

THERE was no answer and I stepped to the door of her room, which stood open. She was lying on her bed, dressed, with her head on her arm, sleeping the dead sleep of utter exhaustion. She seemed very small and childish, and her fingers curled adorably, like a baby's. I didn't have the heart to waken her, so I tiptoed out. The news would be just as welcome when she wakened of her own accord, and sleep would do her much good.

When I came downstairs I saw Bopp go through the yard, looking under every bush and into every crevice. He went out to tell him that Mrs. Green was located.

He stopped when he saw me.

"I see Clair has cut you out with your actress friend," he said. "I saw them arm in arm on the beach a minute ago. There's no use talking, Monty, you can't seem to hold a girl's attention long enough to slip a ring on her. Why don't you try advertising in one of those matrimonial papers?"

I made no answer, but turned around abruptly and went back to the house. I was angry enough myself to let him hunt until the cows came home, but I would tell him that Mrs. Green was found.

When I entered the house the telephone was ringing again. I took off the receiver.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" said a masculine voice. "I am a newspaper man, representing the Hamlman syndicate. I understand that you had an earthquake over there this morning and that Mrs. Green, the wife of the president of the First National bank, made her escape in an aeroplane dressed in a spangled red ball gown. I want to know if I have these facts absolutely correct before I"—

I carefully lowered the receiver until it hung suspended from the wires and tiptoed away from the telephone, letting him talk to the empty air.

The story was out.

When I went out, after leaving the reporter holding the wire, so to speak, I took Tootles for a walk, and I then turned my attention to the undeveloped food supply which I had discovered earlier when walking with Vida. There were hundreds of fresh water clams on the beach, and it was possible to dig them in the cove when the water was not particularly rough. I spent the afternoon wading, compensated for the cold discomfort of the performance by the thought that by providing food I would win back a large share of the favor I had lost with Lucile. Not that she would admit that she needed food. Not she.

Vida and Lipton S. Clair strolled by while I was wading. It seemed to me that she was making rapid progress toward winning her bet.

"Are you still looking for Mrs. Green?" Clair called out as I fished under water curiously.

"No," I replied shortly. "I am teaching a pet fish to swim."

"You look as though you were taking one of those barefoot cures."

"I didn't know you could cure bare feet," supplied Vida. "By the way, Mr. Blainey, does your ring come off easily?"

"It would from your hand. Do you wish to wear it?"

"Oh, no, not yet—not until I am entitled to. You can begin to work it off though."

"Did any one call me up on the telephone?" asked Mr. Clair.

"Yes," I said.

"Why didn't you call me?" he demanded crossly. "I haven't been far away."

The self assurance of this man enraged me. Here he was, an uninvited guest, complaining that he was not paged as he would have been in a hotel. I wondered where he got his ideas of the social relations of modern people. Who could have spoiled him so? Sometimes the adulation of women will put an ego on the bias that way, but Clair was a professed woman hater. I only hope that some day he will write a play which it will be my pleasure to review.

"Are you still looking for Mrs. Green?" Clair called out.

I explained in words of one syllable that I had not called him because I did not know where he was, had a sore throat, was under physician's orders not to call any one, my mother had trained me not to yell at strangers, and, besides, I never did any calling except on Thursdays.

Vida pointed her finger at me for shame, the way children do, and led him away before I could think of anything more.

"Ned says," she smiled at me as they went on up the beach, "that heaven is a place where there are no dramatic critics."

"You tell him for me," I retorted, "that he knows more about heaven now than he ever will from actual experience—unless," I added, "the girl he is engaged to actually marries him."

She waved her thanks and trotted on at the fat magazine man's side. Yes, I said fat. There was something about him that was annoyingly fat, possibly his intellect. In figure he was no more fat than I am, but some way his avoirdupois flaunted itself flagrantly

I disliked Mr. Clair so thoroughly and heartily for a few minutes that I nearly forgot what I was standing in the lake for. I gathered up my clams and went back to the house. With criminal caution I went in the back way, so that no one would see what I had brought, and built a fire in the long unused stove. In getting those bivalves to loosen up I ruined two hatchets, a can opener, a thumb and an already frazzled temper.

Lucile came downstairs while I was in the kitchen, but she did not come out where I was. I heard her asking some one in the living room, "Who left the telephone off the hook?"

There was a mumbled reply in the voice of Captain Perkins which I did not catch. Lucile apparently put the receiver back in its place, because presently the telephone bell rang, and she answered it.

"No," I heard her say, "Mr. Clair is not here." Then, after a pause: "No, Miss Dunmore isn't here either. Who shall I say called? Oh, you don't want them to be notified? Very well." There was a click as of the receiver being placed on the hook.

I came in from the kitchen. Lucile greeted me pleasantly enough when I asked her how she had enjoyed her nap.

"I don't think I've been asleep," she denied. "I just rested, that was all. I did not tell her that I did not believe her.

"Your mother called up," I said briefly.

"Called up?" Lucile repeated. "How could she?"

"From Huntingdon's island." I explained and went on to tell what I knew of Mrs. Greene's experience.

"She had no right to frighten me so," Lucile exclaimed; also Lucile selfishly disregarded my sufferings; also those of Bopp. His emotions, I imagine were chiefly confined to his digestive apparatus, but I suppose they must be classed as suffering just the same.

I pointed out to Lucile that her mother had escaped only by a miracle.

"What possessed her to do such a thing?" Lucile was as petulant as a half awakened child.

"I had a brother once who used to walk in his sleep. There was a zebra that"—

I interrupted Captain Perkins. "Your mother was scarcely responsible," I said.

"My brother was that way," chimed in the real estate captain. "You never could tell where you could find him nights. But the time that the zebra bit him was the curiousest, I allow."

"The zebra bit him?" Lucile's interest was aroused.

The captain settled himself to tell his favorite tale, but did not get started because Vida breezed in with a rather shamefaced Clair in tow.

She came directly to me.

"I'll take that ring, please," she said "Do you really want it?"

"Certainly. I am entitled to wear it."

"Of course she ought to have your ring," urged Lucile. "That one will do until you can get her something else. May I congratulate you, Miss Dunmore?"

"Has Mr. Blainey told you about it?" Vida asked, naturally surprised that a child party should take an interest in a lasting wager.

"He didn't need to." Lucile smiled. With Clair present I could hardly explain that Miss Dunmore had not my ring because she had made him propose to her. Thus I allowed myself to be misunderstood once more.

I retired as gracefully as possible to the kitchen to be followed there shortly by Lipton S. Clair.

"May I speak with you alone?" he demanded cautiously, looking first right and then left like a stage villain.

"You will never see me more lonesome than in your company," I returned, stirring my clams

"Have you ever been engaged?" He actually blushed as he said it.

"Why, yes"—I was inclined to be sentimental myself. "I've been engaged ever since I was about six teen years of age. Do you care to listen to the history of my romances?"

"No, no," he reiterated, "not now. What I want to ask," he began hastily, choked by color and one of my collars, which was a quarter size too small for him, "is how do you break off an engagement?"

"You have me there," I never broke off an engagement in my life. Some one else always broke my engagements for me."

"You mean you were jilted?"

"That's a short, ugly word," I mused, tempted to put him in the wrong on the clams, but "twill pass—aye, it will serve."

"But I am afraid I won't be jilted," said Clair thoughtfully. "You see, I am a very desirable match."

He paused and picked up a piece of cord wood.

He went on obliviously: "I am a woman hater. The ornamental sex has no place in the world of a man of affairs. My life is all I have hoped, and here on a bleak, inhospitable island, where there are only two women, I am trapped by one of them."

"I take it that you are engaged to Miss Dunmore," I regarded.

"Practically," he retorted gloomily. "She trapped me into a sort of proposal. I didn't know what I was saying."

"And she accepted you?"

"Not yet," he replied, "but there is no hope; she will. I don't suppose she has met many men of culture among her associates, and I imagine I am a novelty to her."

"Man, I said admiringly, "you'd be a novelty to any girl."

"Thank you," said he absently. "But what can I do now?"

CHAPTER XI.

"I Loved Her So."

"WHY," I explained innocently to Claire, "when you get on the mainland you get a marriage license, and will you please you prefer a church wedding I would suggest that you hunt up the justice of the peace and get it over with. I don't believe in long engagements myself. Then, when you're ready to tease this pedantic braggart. We owed him something for that fast wrestling match."

"But I don't want to marry any one," he wailed. "I want her sacrifice my career to romance and sentiment. I belong to the world. There must be a way out."

"If you don't want to marry Miss Dunmore, why did you arouse the spark of passion in her innocent breast?" I demanded.

"I don't know." He writhed in mental anguish. "I didn't dream that I was even being agreeable to her."

"Some women are more attracted by indifference than by attention," I commented. "Others are fascinated by downright brute violence."

"I suppose there must be some charm about me that I did not dream of," he mused modestly. "Don't you think she could forget me if she did not see me for a long while?"

"I'm afraid," I sighed, "that, having once met you, no girl could ever forget you."

"Come now," he said sharply, trying to deck a smile on my face; "it isn't as bad as that. If I could get away and write her a letter saying that I had been taken down with some illness and could not as a dying man could her to her promise, that would solve the difficulty."

"Rather a nifty idea," I commented, but as a novelist you must know that the heroine always dies to the bedside of the stricken hero and nurses him back to life. There is no use. Miss Dunmore would not allow you to die."

"No, I suppose not." He abandoned his scheme reluctantly. Another thought struck him. "The getting away part of it is all right. If I did that I could get put in jail or something like that where she couldn't possibly see me. While I was there I could write an article on prison reforms."

I heartily indorsed this scheme. The idea of seeing him in prison appealed to me personally. The colossal blindness of a woman who could like that, trying to get away from a charming, sweet young girl like Vida alienated him from human consideration

He mused a moment. "I'll do it," he exclaimed. "If I don't show up, mum's the word."

"You can't get away," I reminded him. "There's no boat."

"I forgot to tell you that I am the champion swimmer of the Brooklyn Athletic club. I think I saw some bathing suits hanging up in the shed. With one of those on it will be child's play to me."

Strangely cheered, he let himself out the back way and left me to the silence of my clams.

I left the clams to their own devices for awhile and went back to the living room. Vida was there idly taking impressions from my seal ring on some soft kneaded rubber that lay on Lucile's desk. Lucile herself was not in sight. The captain and the beet cook who ever ran a marine engine were sunk deep in the gloom which surrounds the nonreading man when cut off from his kind and his employment.

"Well," said Vida when I stood over her like an accusing judge, "what have I done now? Shouldn't I play with this rubber this way?"

"You know what you've done," I said sternly. "You trapped Lipton S. Clair into proposing to you."

"There's nothing wrong about that," Vida protested. "How do you suppose any man ever proposes? You have to trap them. Were you under the impression that solitaire males went around looking for a chance to pay for some one else's board and millinery and hosiery and all that sort of thing? No, sir; the masculine mind is very wary. That's why we women have to be so much brighter than the men. It's a case of self preservation."

"He's afraid you meant it. He's going to try to swim to the mainland in order to get away."

"What! Swim to the mainland?"

"Yes. He's a woman hater."

"Good heavens! He must not do that." Vida was genuinely concerned. "You might tell him that you are sorry you spoke one also. That might reassure him."

"I will." Vida got up determinedly and went to the door. "Which way did he go?"

"Right down to the shore, I think," I said. "He seemed a trifle dazed, though, and might have wandered."

"Funny thing," interjected Captain Perkins, "how shy a feller will get after sometimes. My brother, he used to walk in his sleep. I was goin' to tell you where the zebra bit him that time."

"Yes," said Vida eagerly, "tell us where the zebra bit him."

"You'll have to hurry to catch him," I interrupted, "or it will be too late."

"The telephone bell rang.

"Hello. This is Blainey. Is Clair there?"

"No, he's not here now."

"Then let me speak to Miss Dunmore."

"She isn't here either," I explained.

"Oh, they're out walking together again, I suppose," said my namesake sarcastically.

"No, not walking," I said; "swimming."

"What? At this time of night?" he yelled. "Not both of them? Vida can't swim."

"Maybe he is teaching her how," I suggested. I didn't know of any reason why I should ease his mind anyway. A little jealousy would be good for him.

"Oh!" He took the blow like a man. Then I heard him say faintly, "Goodby," and I hung up the receiver.

Lucile confronted me when I turned around. "Do you know where Tootles is?"

"No. I don't know where she is." I replied, with strict adherence to the truth. "Isn't she here?" I added guilelessly.

"No, and I'm dreadfully worried. There are so many strange people in the house that some one may have let her out, not knowing how careful we are with her. She might get lost and starved or get her feet wet and have pneumonia, or a hawk might carry her off."

At this moment the unspeakable Bopp entered. He made a great show of weariness, dragging his feet as if they were too heavy to lift.

"Have you seen her?" demanded Lucile.

"No," Bopp said wearily. "I've tramped all over the island again and again. There's no ravine, no gully, no bush that I haven't investigated. She must have left the island."

"She can't swim!" moaned Lucile. "Her little legs are too short, and her fur would get in her eyes."

"What?" he yelled. "Fur get in her eyes?"

"Tootles is lost," I threw in by way of explanation.

"Tootles?" said Bopp, bewildered. "I've been looking for Mrs. Green"—

"She's found," Lucile explained.

"When?"

"Oh, hours and hours ago. She telephoned Mr. Blainey. She got in Mr. Kent's overboat and was blown to a nearby island."

"You knew where Mrs. Green was in the middle of the afternoon," raged Bopp, turning on me, "and you didn't tell me, but let me tramp my feet off looking for her? Here I am, dying of weariness and lack of sleep, when a word might have saved me."

Kent strolled in.

"Say, Bopp," he said curiously, "will you tell me one thing?"

"Why, certainly."

"How did you ever come to find that shelf on the cliff where you were sleeping all the afternoon? I passed you a dozen times, and I'd never have seen you at all if I hadn't heard you snore."

Vida came in carrying a pair of shoes, a coat, a pair of trousers and a hat.

"He's gone," she said briefly. "As soon as he saw me coming he dived into the lake and swam off rapidly. He looked back from time to time."

"He was afraid you would swim after him," I explained. "Are you in the market for old clothes?" I indicated her burden.

"No, these are his. He left them on the bank, and I thought I might as well bring them in. I suppose he will be killed."

"Who?" asked Lucile and Bopp.

"Mr. Clair," Vida answered. "He is a fright to reach the mainland by swimming."

"Oh, the brave fellow!" Lucile exclaimed. "He is risking his life to get supplies to us. To think that I didn't like him very well at first!"

I explained gently that if Mr. Clair ever reached the shore, which was very doubtful, he would probably never think of us again.

"I wish I knew where Tootles is," worried Lucile.

"She must be in the house," Vida said.

"I've looked everywhere," Lucile declared despondently.

"But she is such a little doggie," Vida insisted. "Is there an unfinished part of the house in the attic where she could get in under the floor or between the inner and outer walls?"

"Why, yes, there's an attic," admitted Lucile, encouraged.

We all mounted the stairs.

"I'll whistle," Lucile said, "and then we'll be just as quiet as possible. If she's here she'll answer me."

"Answer you? Can she whistle, too?" asked Jim, the trying jun engineer.

"No, of course not. When I whistle, if she's alive she'll whine and bark."

"Shut up, Jim. Let her whistle," commanded Captain Perkins. "I never

(Continued on page 6)

## CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting of the Children's Aid Society for the County of Lennox and Addington was held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Alpine Woods, President, in the chair.

A number of matters were dealt with concerning the work of the Society, also plans were made for a greater measure of publicity, and that the objects and objectives of the Society might be placed before the public with a view of getting their practical sympathy and support in the work of caring for neglected and dependent children in the County.

The Treasurer's Annual Report showed that there was a balance on the right side of the ledger, which was a cause for satisfaction.

The report of the Local Superintendent is given in full and commented on separately. But of it grew some discussion that will no doubt make toward improvements in the working of same, on the general work coming within the scope of the society.

At the close of the general business session the officers for the ensuing year were elected, and are as follows:

President—Mr. Alpine Woods.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. S. Woodcock.
Treasurer—Miss Helen Grange
Rec.-Sec'y—Mrs. F. L. Hooper.
Local Supt.—Mr. F. W. Barrett.

Report of the Local Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society for County of Lennox and Addington:

Napanee, Nov. 30th, 1927.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Again we come to the close of another year in connection with the work of the Children's Aid Society for this County, and herewith present the following as a report of the work done since the last Annual meeting.

The complaints coming in concerning alleged neglected or illtreated children were fifty-five, involving one hundred and thirty-five children. These cases were all investigated and where found necessary, action was taken to relieve the cause of complaint. Of this number, of children, sixteen were apprehended and removed, four were later returned to their homes, two placed on parole, and after careful consideration and investigation, eight were made wards of the Society, and two were committed to Industrial Schools.

There were twenty-nine applications for children, of where we could not satisfy the applicants, they were directed to other Societies who might be able to do so. The number of pieces of mail sent out from the office totalled three hundred and seventy, while three hundred and eighteen were received. During the course of investigation of complaints, interviews and other necessary travelling in connection with the work of the Society, four thousand and twenty-one miles have been travelled, one hundred and twenty-four telephone calls are recorded, and one hundred and fifty-five letters were made at the office, in connection with the different matters which came to our attention during the year. Seventy-three papers were visited in the course of the regular work, and twenty-seven appearances have been necessary in the Courts attending to cases under the Children's Protection Act. The Children of Unmarried Parents Act, and the Adoption Act, or in cases coming before the Court, where children were affected.

Thirty-two wards have been heard from, and ten have been placed in foster homes, two wards have been transferred to Infants Homes but they have subsequently been placed out again.

There are forty-four wards placed in different parts of the County, and they have all been visited once, and some of them several times during the year. In the majority of cases these children are doing very well. Some are indifferent, and a very few are troublesome. Taken as a whole there is a decided improvement in their condition, which naturally brings satisfaction to the course that has been followed in their particular case.

There has been several new cases dealt with under the Children of Unmarried Parents Act, as well as some that were pending, last year. This Act adds considerably to the work of the year, but in the end perhaps it saves a lot of children's lives. The believes of the Societies throughout the Province. A difficulty in the working out of the intentions of the Act as it appears to me is that the applicants for relief do no and sometimes will not tell the facts in their case, and it is a hard dealer for the investigator, as it makes it necessary sometimes to make repeated trips over the same ground in order to verify or not, as the case may be, the story told by the applicant.

We have dealt with four applications under the Adoption Act, three of them were successfully passed upon and all necessary steps taken to complete the desire of the persons applying, while one was refused. The working out of this Act is one of the pleasant duties in connection with Social work among children. All the applicants who have come lately, and who have been so delighted to be able, by a simple process of law, make a child which they have taken into their homes and have attached to, legally their own, without practically any expense at all.

I might make mention that one of our wards who had given considerable trouble and caused a good deal of expense as has been placed in a home where I believe she will cease to be a burden any longer.

In visiting the homes throughout the County where we have children placed, I find that generally speaking all of them are in good hands. Of course, where it is known or suspected that the child is in the wrong place, it is immediately removed, or that it is not receiving the proper care and treatment. At the present time we have no children in the Shelter, as all our wards are being in suitable foster homes.

However there are many bright sides to this particular class of work and I feel compelled to make mention of one particularly pleasant surprise I had last summer. There came to the office one day a lady and gentleman and with them a young lady of pleasing appearance and manners, who announced themselves by a name I had forgotten. The young lady was a ward of our Society, one of the first I was my duty to care for, some twelve years ago. She was then, of course, only a little child. She was placed out very soon after her committal and the foster parents moved away and I had lost trace of them. The lady and gentleman were the original foster parents, and it appeared soon after taking the child they moved to the United States, and in the course of time the girl was sent to Scotland to some friends of the foster parents, and she received her education there. At the time of the visit to me last summer the foster parents had just been to Montreal to meet again this little girl coming from Scotland to them again after spending about six or seven years there, coming this way back to their home in the States. The foster father is Superintendent of one of the large industrial plants over there and is very proud of his foster daughter, and only prevented by the fact of his being a citizen of that country, in making this girl legally their own.

To me this is one of the most encouraging events of the year in connection with our work, and I think it could be possible for every member of the Society to have seen and met these three happy people.

This, in brief, is the result of your Local Superintendent for the year. I do not know that I can give any more information at this time. The tabulated items are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Applications for children | 29 |
| Children brought to Shelter | 16 |
| Children placed on parole | 2 |
| Children returned to parents | 4 |
| Children involved | 135 |
| Children made wards | 8 |
| Children sent to Industrial schools | 2 |
| Mail received | 318 |
| Complaints received | 55 |
| Mail sent out | 320 |
| Miles travelled (approx.) | 4121 |
| Office calls | 143 |
| Telephone calls | 224 |
| Places visited out of Town | 73 |
| Court attendance | 27 |
| Wards in foster homes heard from | 32 |
| Wards placed out | 10 |
| Returned to Shelter | 2 |
| Wards visited | 43 |
| Warnings given | 35 |

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Yours very truly,
F. W. BARRETT,
Local Superintendent.

### A Toothless Tribe.

Yet another African tribe which is interesting because of its peculiar customs is in the public eye. This is the Balla tribe. The Balla have considerable trouble before they came under British administration. In 1888 Selous, the famous hunter-explorer, had trouble with them, and the story goes that he escaped to a more friendly tribe clad only in his shirt. Though the custom is beginning to die out, it is a very ancient fashion of the Balla to knock out all their front teeth. For this reason Balla language presents unique phonetic peculiarities. The hair of the men of the tribe is always worked up into a cone about six inches high at the back of the head, and this is studded with brass-headed nails. Sometimes this is extended by a stick to the length of four feet.

### Preacher Gets Bottle of Sherry.

A bottle of sherry is presented to the clergyman preaching on Sunday morning in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England; the custom is centuries old, and the wine is the gift of the City Corporation.

### Physick Well to Be Restored.

One of London's medicinal wells, the Physick Well, at Barnet, is to be restored, with a view to using the curative water again. It is mentioned several times in Pepy's Dairy for 1664.

## NOW ENJOYS EATING THANKS HIS WIFE

"For years I suffered with stomach trouble. Then my wife got me to take Adlerika. Today I feel fine and eat what I like."—Wm. Opp.

Adlerika relieves stomach gas and sourness in TEN minutes. Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, it removes old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing and see how much better you will feel. It will surprise you.—Wallace's Drug Store.

## FAKIRS FORM UNION.

### Are Supposed to Be Gifted With Mystical Powers.

The queerest trade in the world has been formed in India, says an article in The Daily Mail of India who refuse, on principle, to work.

For several centuries before Christ up to the present day there has existed a sect of men who, by practicing a series of self-tortures, have succeeded in making themselves regarded as holy. They are even at pains to feel fear of the curses that would be hurled should no money be forthcoming.

These so-called sacred beggars are known as fakirs, and are supposed to be gifted with mystical powers because of their apparent insensibility to pain. One well-known practice is for a man to hold his right arm above his head until the muscles are withered and it cannot be lowered.

Another common instance is for the beggar to stand on one leg, with the other drawn up against the body, and refuse to lie. With these and many other contortions, the holy men attract attention. A little earthen pot stands beside them, and woe betide the lucky person who fails to make some kind of contribution.

Business is not as good as it used to be, and competition has become too keen, so a union has been formed to keep out the many and train but a few apprentices.

This system—not all imposture, for some of the men have a spiritual ideal. John Fryer, who visited Persia in 1698, tells a story of a man who undertook to hang by his heels until he got enough money to build a mosque to Mohammed.

One of their theories deals with breath control. In time they can control their breath to such perfection that an adept can relapse into a coma and be buried alive for several days. One man, Hamid Bey, remained in a sealed coffin under water for three hours, beating the drum inside, while he remained an hour and a half in a coffin supposed to contain only enough air to last an ordinary individual three or four minutes. Hamid Bey declared that next time he will beat the record by being buried alive for three days!

A fakir, Rahman Bey, came to London last year with an exhibition of his powers. He stuck a sword through his throat without drawing blood. He fell back on a bed of nails studded with rusty nails, and his manager pressed him down. He stuck hatpins into his cheeks, chest and abdomen, but suffered no apparent pain and drew no blood.

It may be true that by various exercises, careful dieting, and control of the breath, the mind may acquire such influence over the body that insensibility to pain may be attained, but how many of those feats are due to charlatanism is a problem.

An Australian performer, named Murray, explains the human pincushion trick in the following manner. A needle is applied to the cheeks. A weapon is then stuck through the flesh and, after it is withdrawn, little pieces of gold wire are inserted in the wounds so that the flesh heals round them. These are afterwards taken away and the trick can be performed on these prepared places with impunity.

There are adepts still to be found in the East who devote their life to these strange practices, but much hope of material gain. It is an amusing modern touch, though, that the numbers of those wishing to live such an uncomfortable life and do no ordinary work should now be limited by a union.


## Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

## If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

## When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that local towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

# Five Fridays

(Continued from page 5)

er know but one girl who could write as good, and after a dentist pulled one of her front teeth she couldn't any more."

"Sh!" Vida said, laying a hand on the scadog's arm.

After a pause Jim asked, "Why don't she whistle?"

"She's tryin' to," explained the captain, who correctly interpreted the facial gymnastics which Lucile was performing.

"Maybe she ain't got enough steam in her biler." Jim was earnestly endeavoring to be helpful.

"No; from the way she looks I think she's bust something," said his superior officer.

At last a faint hissing sound came from Lucile's puckered lips. No right

A Faint Hissing Sound Came From Lucile's Puckered Lips.

minded dog would ever have recognized it as a summons to heed, but I heaved a sigh of relief. I knew at least that Lucile was safe anyway.

After a pause Lucile asked, "Did you hear anything?"

"Not yet," Jim replied. "Why don't you try singing through a comb?"

"I meant did you hear Tootles bark?"

"No, ma'am."

Then she's dead." Lucile nearly broke down. She looked around for a bosom on which to weep, but scorned both Bopp's and mine. "I loved her so."

There was a whispered consultation between Captain Perkins and Jim, and Jim tiptoed downstairs mysteriously.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "Oh, my poor Tootles."

MAYBE if you tried again," said the captain to Lucile. "the pup might hear you. You didn't whistle very loud the first time."

Lucile whistled again with a considerably more audible result. We all listened.

There was a faint whine and a short, sharp, but distant bark. I presume that I was the most surprised person in the party.

"There she is!" Vida declared. "I thought maybe she was up here."

"But that doesn't sound like Tootles," Lucile objected.

"It must be." Bopp announced this masterpiece of logic. "There isn't any other dog in the house, is there? Probably her voice sounds different far off."

"And probably she is penned in somewhere and frightened. That might make her sound different." Ah! Why did I have that idea, and why, having it, did I not conceal it in one of the recesses of my brain instead of voicing it to all?

"Oh, my poor Tootles." Lucile began picturing her pet suffocating. "Maybe she is dying or dead already."

"Whistle again," directed the captain.

Lucile made several ineffectual attempts, but failed. "I can't," she declared. "I have to cry."

"Let me call her," I interposed. "She knows me."

As a boy I used to be able to make considerable racket by blowing on two fingers held at the proper angle in my mouth. I tried it with gratifying results. I must have been heard on the mainland.

The reply was immediate—short, snappy barks, still a long way off, but very reassuring as to vigor and delight.

"She's right under us!" Lucile cried.

"No, over by the window, I should say," argued Vida.

"Poor darling, she has forgotten how she got into the place, and she thinks some one is keeping her cooped up on purpose. Please, Monty, keep on whistling. She does recognize you, and she'll know that help is coming. We must take up the floor."

In her excitement and time of need she had turned to me and not to Bopp. I didn't know how Tootles, whom I had last seen dashing up the beach amid a cloud of sand, could possibly have managed to get under the attic floor, but Lucile had called me Monty, and reason dismounted from her throne, and carnival was king.

I whistled blithely, piercingly, joyfully, convincingly, and whenever I paused the barking rewarded me.

"Hook up the floor," Lucile ordered. "We can't let her stay there any longer."

"I didn't we better see if she won't come out by herself?" the captain asked.

ed tentatively. "It seems a shame to tear up that there planking."

"Not for Tootles," Lucile replied. "What do I care for an old attic floor when my Tootles is in danger? She shan't stay there another minute if I can help it." She tried to pry up a board with her finger nails.

"Wait," I requested. "Let me do this scientifically."

I wrenched a leg from an old armchair which had already suffered the amputation of one of its extremities and with that as a lever pried up one of the flooring boards at the ends which extended loose over the floor beams. As the plank came up amid a cloud of dust Lucile gave me a look such as must have rewarded Lancelot from the grandstand after he ran a curtain pole through a cast iron white hoop.

We assembled around the hole I had made. No Tootles in sight.

"Whistle," Lucile commanded me.

I obeyed.

Joyful barks, but nothing more.

"Take up some more boards," Lucile might have been saying. "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes" or "Don't give up the ship."

"Hadn't we better wait?" Captain Perkins was an earnest advocate of the Fabian policy.

"No."

I took up another board and yet another, stopping to whistle each time, without apparently getting any nearer.

"She's there somewhere." declared Tootles' foster mother, puzzled, but still determined. "Keep on until you find her."

I had taken up all but half a dozen of the boards when my foot slipped from the cross floor beam on which I was working and struck the lath which was nailed on the other side.

The lath offered but slight resistance. The plaster was even more fragile, and I went through rather hastily, clutching wildly at nothing in particular. My last recollection was of Lucile's horror stricken face as she saw me sinking from sight, like the villain in "Lorna Doone."

My next conscious remembrance was of sitting flat in the middle of a bed, the springs of which were gently bouncing me up and down after the fashion of a net into which a trapeze performer had dropped from the top of the tent. Above me a hole in the ceiling, around me were chunks of plaster and splinters of lath, and sitting in a chair by the window was Jim, his mouth open, emitting a series of short, sharp yelps.

Lucile, Vida, Bopp, Kent and the captain made a ring of faces around the hole in the ceiling.

"Stop barking, you darn fool!" shouted the captain after a moment devoted to startled surprise by all concerned.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Jim, saluting.

"Then it wasn't Tootles at all," Lucile was overwhelmed by grief that was all the more poignant because it had been held off so long by hope.

"You have to admit that Jim is an all around bright young fellow," declared the captain proudly. "It ain't often you can find a marine engineer who can cook and do as good an imitation of a dog as that."

"But why," I dred the captain with a malevolent eye—"why did he imitate a dog at this particular moment? What is the cause of this character study of a canine under a floor? Why not a dog on the job chasing his tail or a Newfoundland pup having an argument with a dilapidated shoe?"

"Why, this was a little idea of my own," stated Captain Perkins modestly. "When I see Miss Green was going to be all broke up if nothing answered when she whistled I told Jim there to go downstairs and pretend to be the pup, just so's she'd feel better."

"What I want to know, Mr. Blainey,"

I Went Through Rather Hastily.

Jim asked, with a brightly inquiring eye, "is how did you know just where I'd be at was?"

"I know where I saw that dog last," exclaimed Kent as one inspired.

"Where?" Lucile turned to him.

"He was outdoors hittin' the breeze this afternoon."

"Outdoors? She isn't allowed out. What was she doing?"

"She was vamping up the beach, and Mr. Blainey was running after her."

Guilt seeks out the criminal and fastens her brand upon him publicly. Policemen are but jailers. Detectives are only men who let nature do their work for them.

There was a nasty staccato laugh. I did not need to look to know that it was Bopp.

"Mr. Kent seems to have a very observing mind," he said.

Lucile looked at me reproachfully. "Is this true?" she asked.

"Yes." George Washington could have done no more.

"You didn't catch her?"

"No."

Nothing more was to be said. I had been tried, convicted and sentenced.

The telephone rang. Lucile went to answer it. The rest of us followed more at our leisure. When we had arrived downstairs Lucile was talking to some one over the wire, evidently

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her mother.

"I'm glad you're all right," she was saying, "and that you have had something to eat. Don't feel badly about breaking the fast. No one blames you a bit. That's all right. We would, too, if we could."

A pause, during which she listened, a frown gathering on her face.

"Don't you worry, mother. We're all right—all except Tootles. She is lost. What's the matter? You saw some one outside in the moonlight? A man with whiskers? Nonsense. No one lives there at this time of year. Everybody left in September. Just go to bed and don't think about such things."

Lucile stifled a scream.

"Hello, mother. What? Some one is trying the door? It's opening—hello—hello—mother!"

Lucile dropped the receiver and sank backward into Vida's arms. I picked up the telephone and held it to my ear, shouting "Hello, hello?"

There was no response. The wire was dead.

When Lucile had been revived without resorting to any of the violent methods suggested by the resourceful Captain Perkins I endeavored to explain away any cause for fright.

"Even if she really did see a man," I said, "which seems improbable, he isn't going to hurt her. Probably he just stopped to inquire the time of day."

"But mother said he had whiskers."

"I know," I continued, "that is against him, but maybe it is hereditary in his family."

"Maybe she just dreamed it." Kent offered sensibly. "Let's call her up again. She seemed a little dented on top when I first saw her. By this time maybe the attack is over."

That seemed a fair enough suggestion, and I acted on it. I asked central to give me Huntingdon's island once more.

"I'm sorry," central answered, "but I can't seem to get them. I've been ringing on that line for the last ten minutes. There's another party trying to get them."

"Another party?" I questioned. "Who?"

"I couldn't say. It isn't any one I know. His voice sounds like he was a tall, thin young man from New York."

"Can't get them," I told the listening group.

"What can we do now? I must go to help mother. I must go. I must go." Lucile began to get hysterical.

"Wait, dear." Vida said, patting her hand. "We can't go because we haven't any boat." Turning to the rest of us, she asked, "Whom could we telephone to and ask to go over there?"

"The sheriff is the right man. I should think." Bopp suggested.

"He'd be plumb tickled, too," added Captain Perkins. "He ain't had a chance to arrest nobody since he's been sworn in."

"That's it, the sheriff," Lucile said feverishly. "Get the sheriff and let me talk to him."

"We don't want the public to know about this," I objected.

"What do I care about the public if my mother is in danger?" Lucile very properly demanded.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Summer House Captive.

THERE seemed to be nothing else to do, so I asked the telephone operator to see if she could locate the sheriff.

"I guess he's down to the railroad station," central volunteered. "It's most train time, and he most usually goes down there looking for a suspicious character to get off the north bound passenger. I'll ask the agent if he's there."

She did, and he was. After a slight delay I found myself addressing a strange voice, which I requested to hold the wire. I turned the receiver over to Lucile. She told the sheriff in breathless haste that her mother had been foully dealt with on Huntingdon's island and offered him limitless rewards to capture her slayer.

"Is there anything further we can do?" Lucile paced up and down the room.

"Nothing but wait, dear," Vida said. "I'm sure nothing serious has happened."

"Then why doesn't mother call up and tell us that she is all right?"

"No."

Nothing more was to be said. I had been tried, convicted and sentenced.

The telephone rang. Lucile went to answer it. The rest of us followed more at our leisure. When we had arrived downstairs Lucile was talking to some one over the wire, evidently

tion of commanding officer in the emergency.

I thought of my clams.

"Come with me," I exclaimed and led the way toward the kitchen. "I have a surprise for you."

"You have found Tootles!" Lucile was radiant.

"No," I replied, somewhat crestfallen, for I had again forgotten Tootles, "but I have something for you to eat."

Never have I been so popular as I was at that moment—that is, with all but Lucile. I haven't said much about our hunger because there is little to be said. It is practically impossible to convey to the mind of the well fed reader what it means to miss many meals.

I led them to the kitchen

"What is it?" Bopp asked.

"It's a secret," I replied mysteriously. Investigation was my kettle of clams, which, strange to relate, had not boiled entirely away. "I'll serve it to you and then you can guess what it is."

I found a number of bowls in the pantry, and with a porcelain dipper I ladled a goodly portion of clam broth into each.

"Did you cook this all by yourself?" asked Kent.

"I did," I averred modestly.

"From raw materials you found on the island?" supplemented Bopp.

"Everything in it grew right here," I explained.

"It's Tootles!" screamed Lucile, turning pale and putting her bowl down on the table.

"It can't be," said Bopp, sniffing. "This has a decidedly fishy smell."

"I know it," wailed Lucile, with tears coursing down her cheeks. "That's what makes me think it's Tootles. We have been feeding her lots of fish lately."

I started to explain. "Lucile, how can you accuse me of such a thing?"

"You never liked Tootles. I know it. You cared more for your appetite than for my little darling. Now I see through all the mystery about what the food was and what you were doing all the afternoon while I slept. I suppose you drugged me so that I wouldn't hear the poor little thing's screams. Oh, mother! Oh, Tootles!"

"Lucile, I beseech, "I"—

"Don't speak to me. I don't even want to see you again, you fat murderer."

That was too much. I might have stood for being called a murderer, but not a fat one.

"Very well," I replied. "It certainly will not be necessary for you to see me. I will go, and I assure you that I will never enter your house again."

I went to the door with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Goodby," I said as I opened the door.

There was no particular place to go and apparently no chance of leaving the island before morning, anyway. I bethought me of the lattice summer house and decided that it might not be a bad idea to take what shelter it afforded.

After some difficulty I found the summer house and sat under its cheerless shelter listening to the rain drip off the roof. Next to the dead leaves below while I reviewed my situation. I had to admit that I could not be in a much worse plight. Lucile was proud and would probably not apologize to me any more than I would retract my spoken vow got to enter her house again. Clearly my love affair was in a bad way and required heroic treatment to put it back into a healthy normal condition.

Meditatilg upon that and wondering what could have happened to Mrs. Green on the little island just south of us, I gradually dozed off and slipped down to the floor.

My figure is not such, however, that I rest perfectly on a flat surface. For that reason my slumbers were uneasy and troubled with dreams in which I went through various tortures of the inquisition, such as having my bones broken on the rack and other medieval variations of the third degree.

My last nightmare was that of being blinded by a redhot iron. Who was it had that done to him? I remember. It was Michael Strogoff, the courier of the czar. Shades of Jules Verne! Anyway, it happened to me in my dreams, and the burning sensation was so vivid that I awoke in terror.

Tootles was calmly licking my face. Somehow her tongue had rasped across my eyes. I remembered having been told that this method of awakening a sleeper was one of her cutest tricks. If I ever have a dog of my own I'm going to spend a lot of time teaching him not to do this trick.

I was about to insist that the pup rest somewhere besides on my head and return to my slumbers once more when my attention was attracted by a slight noise outside. Some one was cautiously approaching the summer house. Who the dickens could be out prowling around at that time of night? I judged that it was about midnight.

The person came nearer. Finally he felt his way around to the door.

The latch was lifted, and some one entered. I silenced an impulse on the part of Tootles to welcome the intruder. The weight of the man who was there not ten feet from me made the floor boards sag as he walked about. He was coming toward me.

For a moment he paused uncertainly and then lit a match. In its light I discovered that he was a tall, nattily clad young man whom I had never seen before.

I imagine my surprise was infinitesimal compared to his. I was expecting him, but he could not by any possible chance have been prepared for a wide awake, unbilking stranger staring at him six feet away. For an instant, only an instant, I saw a flicker of fear in his eyes; then, disregarding me, he held the match to a cigar stub already between his teeth and drew a long, deep puff.

When we were once more in darkness, save for the tip of his cigar, he said pleasantly, "Good evening."

I waited. I knew that the superstitious savage man way down in his heart was telling him that there would not be any answer.

At last I said with equal pleasantness, "Good evening."

He sighed with relief.

"Is this Green's cottage?" he inquired.

"No," I replied; "this is merely a shelter overlooking an especially fine

I Made a Rope With Which I Bound His Ankles and Wrists.

seriously, don't you? If you help me I'm willing to cough up a couple of dollars in real money, which is more than my editor will be apt to stand for in my expense account, but if you don't I'll find out anyway, because it's a song I have, and you'll probably be discharged for not catching me."

"But it seems to me that I have caught you," I interposed mildly.

"Hardly," he retorted. "From the glance I got at your figure when I lit the match I should judge that you could run a hundred yards in ten flat—minutes, that is—while I am some sprinter, as you will have to admit if you watch me during the next few seconds. I am off."

But he wasn't. While he was talking I had taken the precaution of moving around between him and the door, so that when he started to leave I tripped him neatly and sat on his chest. This is a very effective type of jiujitsu for a heavy set man to employ.

However, I couldn't sit on him all night. For one thing I wanted to sleep. Finally an ingenious scheme solved my difficulty. I removed his trousers, unbuttoned it, which is done by grasping firmly the two tails in the back, one in each hand, and pulling sidewise. Treated in this fashion, even the most expensively made garment will separate in the back seam and may then be taken off from the front. After I had the coat in my possession I tore it into strips, which I tied together and made a rope with which I bound his ankles and wrists.

When I had him all done I lit a match to make sure it was a good job.

"You'll be sorry for this," he growled. "Mrs. Green has been abducted to Huntingdon's island and murdered by lake pirates. Won't you let me go? I will save her. Remember, if you don't I know what you look like and I'll put you in jail for assault."

"Is that customary?" I commented, "for men who break into other people's houses to have any one put in jail, I so long."

I went out.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Voyage of the Merry Widow.

IT had stopped raining entirely now, and the south wind had become a warm and welcome reality. I went down to the cove. As I had rather expected, I found Bill Johnson there with his motor sow, the Merry Widow, with her nose driven up on the beach.

Bill's father was Danish, I believe, and his mother was a French Canadian. His speech is a combination of patois that can be heard at home.

"Quite a sea out there." I indicated the lake.

"She shall run pretty high," replied Bill, "but not so high like she do settle again."

"Just come out for the ride?" I queried.

"No. The Merry Widow she bring over a young man, a newspaper feller. I say he give me one dollar or it wouldn't, by jimminy Christmas, do it. No, sare, not for two-fifty even I shan't do it." Then he added, with a slight wink, "The sea she ain't so high now as it make him sick."

"Do you know where Huntingdon's island is?" I inquired, a vague plan of action formulating itself in my brain.

"Sure I know him. She set over yon about three mile, maybe four or two and a half."

"Well, the young man you brought over here has decided to stay for an hour or so. While you are waiting I want you to take me over to Huntingdon's and get Mrs. Green."

"Mrs. Green! What she do by Huntingdon's?"

"I'll tell you later after I think up some interesting explanation. At present I shouldn't be able to do the subject justice. How about it? Will you take me over there?"

He hesitated.

"Here's a dollar," I said. "The storm is quieting down a good deal, and, anyhow, you know the Merry Widow is the best sea boat on the lake."

The flattery won him. What owner, even of the veriest motor monstrosity, is not susceptible to praise bestowed upon his darling.

"I guess she shall run all right. One waive she shan't work just so good as she ought, but I got some wire. I fix him up."

He helped him shove off, and Bill tinkered with the one cylinder machine gun which propelled the barge until he induced it to bark at irregular intervals.

Have I forgetten to mention that the Merry Widow is an open boat with no superstructure or canopy of any sort? If I have, let me state here that her lines are very decollete, and a large wave meets with little obstruction save the passengers when it starts to travel from the bow to the stern.

She shall be, by jimminy Christmas, sure chopp," Bill commented. "The wind she shall haul to the south and make cross waves."

He was absolutely correct. As soon as we left the mouth of the cove we went through some evolutions which I would have said it was absolutely impossible for a man of my build to perform. I was favorably considering the idea of being seasick when a larger wave than usual washed over and struck the engine. It expired peacefully on the spot.

"What has happened?" I asked, with a landsman's justified terror.

"The engine has stopped." Bill's calm statement of the obvious exasperated me.

"Of course it has stopped. Can we ever start it again?"

"Sure. She shall run some more. The wave, she short circuit the spark. See." Bill pointed, "she all wet." His enthusiasm as a lecturer on the gasoline engine made him forget the lake outside.

It was brought to his attention by a large wave which tipped us on our beam ends, dropped Bill and myself in an affectionate group into the stern of the boat, where we were pilloried presently by a collection of oil cans, wrenches, grease cans and other marine impedimenta.

Bill removed his elbow from the pit of my long since hopeless stomach and scrambled to the engine

"She hain't hurted a bit," he announced. "Lend me your handker chief."

I silently passed him the article he desired. He carefully wiped off a large part of the engine with it before he offered it back to me. I declined and told him to consider it my contribution to the equipment of the boat.

"Now, sare," he directed, "you must hold the cost over the spark so she shall not get, by yee vizz, again wet.

(Continued on page 7)

BOSUN'S BOX OF TRICKS.

Legend Has It That This Wonder House Contains Everything.

When you go to sea, the part of a ship which most arouses your curiosity is the bosun's locker, says a writer in Tit-Bits. The bosun is the vessel's magician; his locker is a marine magical box—the Mecca to which unfortunates flock when they need any gear.

Legend has it that this wonder house contains everything. No sailor would join a ship that did not possess a bosun's locker.

Here the deck hands and stewards drew articles connected with the cleaning of cabins and decks—hoses, squeegees, buckets, brooms, soap, soda and sand. There are flags and firework; paints, oils, tools, shackles, chains, hooks, nets, spikes, and spares of every kind for ordinary purposes and emergencies.

When a captain was called to officiate at an ocean wedding, it was found there was no ring for the bride. The bosun supplied the ring. True, it was only a brass eyelet, but it served.

In the old days the boatswain, or boatman, was responsible for the complete construction of the small boats which every ship carried, and for all repairs on the vessel herself. Even to-day no ship damaged at sea could possibly report it if she did not carry a bosun's locker.

The lockers vary according to the craft. Windjammers, tankers, yachts, trawlers, liners, battleships, each have requirements of their own. One ship may carry trawling nets or drivers' gear, another has huge slings for hauling shipboard.

One is given to think of the locker as a dark hole stuffed with ropes, sails, tallow, and lamps, but that of a modern vessel is a big affair.

When anything is lost, the loser is invariably chaffed with the information that what he is seeking will be found in the bosun's locker.

Tradition would seem to justify the joke. Once a corpse that had been missing for several days was found "laid out" among old coils of rope on the for'ard port shelf of the bosun's locker.

Germs.

Influenza germs are blue, those of pneumonia look like strings of minute sausages, and those of scarlet fever like ropes of scarlet rings through the microscope.

Making Artificial Flowers.

More than one hundred firms in London alone are employed solely in making the artificial flowers so fashionable just now.

Pretending to Be Dead.

Rare beetles, known as the giant scarite, which come from Southern Algeria, have a knack of pretending to be dead.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

Indian Must Steal His Bride While Parents Make a Great Fuss.

Marriage among the Indians of the Amazon river is a curious business. The young man brings presents to the bride's parents. The bride's tribe then institute a great festival, in the course of which the father-in-law solemnly gives the girl to the prospective bridegroom. The girl wanders down to the river near the town, the young man selects her, springs into a canoe, and paddles away.

The father and mother of the bride rush down to the river and wail and howl over the loss of their daughter, although they really consider themselves very lucky to have got the girl safely married.

There is no divorce. Theoretically, the man and woman are free to get rid of each other, but there is one great difference in their position. The man can, it is true, send his wife packing at any moment; but this is considered a great insult, not only to the woman, but also to the woman's tribe, and without real justification such a proceeding is likely to lead to a tribal war, and seldom occurs.

On the other hand, if a woman returns to her own people no tribal offence can be taken, as it is considered a man must be very wicked indeed to cause his wife to desert him.

In the Gorilla Country.

Country where gorilla abound, such as the Kivu district of the Belgian Congo, which has recently been the venue of an expedition financed by the British Museum and headed by Col. Fenn, D.S.O., and Mr. W. F. Burgess, is so thickly wooded that it is impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. The bush is cut up by gorilla tunnels—runs between three and four feet high.

Col. Fenn has a theory that the gorilla is left-handed, because he always runs on his two feet assisted by his right hand, with his left outstretched. Gorillas do not run in troops, but a male is generally accompanied by three or four females and several young. The animal is nomadic and sleeps where he stops by making a hole in the grass, and does not appear to have a permanent home or den. He feeds on bamboo shoots, a small yellow flower called Senecios, wild carrots, and the bark of a bush that grows about eight feet high.

Leaving Something to Imagination.

A wealthy traveller abroad once bought two laughing hyaenas, with the intention of presenting them to the Zoo, and he engaged an Irishman named Murphy to look after them on the journey home. As he had paid a large sum of money for the animals, he impressed on Murphy the importance of keeping them well.

A few days afterwards encountered, however, and the hyaenas died from sea-sickness. Murphy, who was much distressed, was afraid to inform their owner, who was on board, of what had happened, and he sat up all night thinking as to how best to convey the information. Finally, in desperation, he went to the owner and said in a most apologetic tone, "I'm sorry, sir, but the hyaenas haven't anything to laugh at this morning."

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion. In display type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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We Have the Best Grades of
RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES
Always in Stock.
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BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES

31st October, 1927

ASSETS

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash on hand | $ 88,953,211.33 |
| Deposits with and notes and cheques of other Banks | 67,874,632.37 |
| Deposit with Central Gold Reserve | 10,000,000.00 |
| Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks | 181,101,009.09 |
| Dominion and Provincial Government Securities | 86,760,587.30 |
| Canadian Municipality Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian | 32,063,446.96 |
| Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks | 5,344,028.16 |
| Quick Assets | $481,996,915.21 |
| Loans and Discounts and other Assets | 325,795,696.73 |
| Bank Premises | 11,550,000.00 |
| Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra) | 12,206,355.96 |
| Total Assets | $831,548,967.90 |

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

| | |
|---|---|
| Notes in circulation | 45,760,677.50 |
| Deposits | 700,227,281.54 |
| Letters of credit outstanding | 12,206,355.96 |
| Other liabilities | 10,857,020.52 |
| Total Liabilities to Public | $769,051,335.52 |
| Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public | $ 62,497,632.38 |


## STRONGEST LIGHT EVER MADE.

### Wonder Beam Shines a Thousand Miles High.

Man has made a sun. On a tiny scale science now imitates the cosmic forces which drive the universe. At Charlottesville, in the night skies not only reflect the glory of God, but the growing power of man. Within the beam of a gigantic searchlight, carrying more than a thousand million candle-power of illumination, there is a point the size of a small coin which is as hot as the sun.

The heat is measured at 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. White heat is the greatest intensity we have known, but this is beyond whiteness. It is blue-hot.

As the terrific electric current sizzles across the gap between two sticks of carbon, electrons bombard one of the carbons and develop a small crater at its end. Within this crater there forms a ball of what is supposed to be vaporized on the sun.

The searchlight was built by the Sperry Gyroscope Company. Westinghouse engineers participated in the solution of the lighting problems of Charlottesville,

# Xmas Turns Kind Thoughts Into Acts

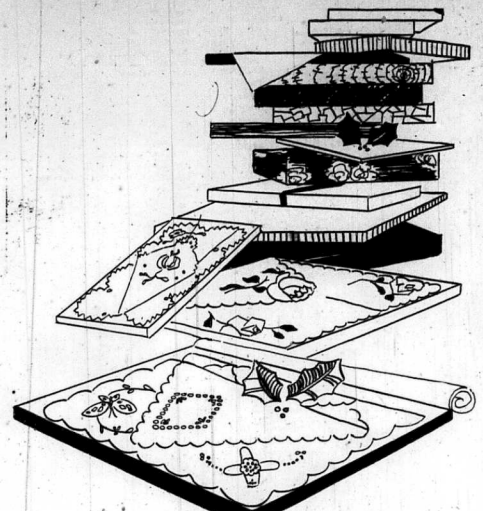
"When Christmas carols fill the air
And the yule log flame is bright,
May all be merry in your house
And every heart be light."

## Coasting to Christmas!

Climbing the steep grades—getting out of breath tugging at the bob-sled—then the joy and thrill of the long coast down—worth all the effort. Holiday shopping is like that. For a joyful coast to Christmas, come to this store. You will find the up-hill effort minimized once you have visited our various departments. For here, openly displayed, you will find suitable gifts for every person on your Gift List.

"Now breaks the latest Christmas
Again the angels sing; (morn,
And far and near the children throng
Their happy hymns to sing."

**Christmas is one time when "A Fella" Needs a Friend---We suggest, "You give Your Ladies Boxed Handkerchiefs." The suggestion we know is not new, but the handkerchiefs are modern in design, color, quality. All packed inattractive holiday boxes.**



**25c. PER BOX**

Here are styles and colors especially appropriate for the younger girls in the family. Hankies have rolled or hemstitched edges, while each and every one bears prettily embroidered corners. Come two and three in a box. Colors of Rose, Peach, Blue, Apricot, Mauve and White.

**50c. PER BOX**

Every conceivable vogue in hand-painted, embroidered and lace-trimmed gift handkerchiefs is smartly represented in this group. The color range offers shades to blend with every frock. Come two and three in a box. Choose from linen, lawn and batiste:

**65c. PER BOX**

From Switzerland come these delicate fairly-like creations in our third price group. The materials are expressly fine in character, while expert fingers have done wonderful original things in the way of pleasing ornamentation. Come two and three to a box. Choose from lawn, silk or linen.

## GIVE "HER" A BOX OF FRENCH STATIONERY. PRICED 75C. TO $2 BOX

Nothing could be more thoughtful on your part, as most women like to use these fine qualities for her important correspondence. Paper and envelopes come in lovely tinted tones of Blue, Pink, Mauve, Cream and White. Envelopes come lined in patterned designs of contrasting colors. All come in attractive holiday boxes.

## MANY WOMEN PREFER "GIFTS" FOR THE HOME

**ANY OF THESE WOULD BE WELCOME**

**Electric Toasters, $1.95 each**—A De Luxe quality made in upright style, equipped with an element fully guaranteed. Is unusually attractive on the breakfast table.

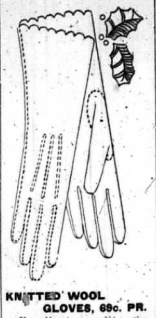
**English Teapots, 75c. each.**—A rare value, charming and useful. All come with a glazed surface artistically decorated. In two sizes.

**21-Piece Tea Set, $4.95 each.**—Extremely attractive and a worth while gift. All the pieces have a glazed surface. All the pieces are of good size and all in sombre color effects.

**English Wool Blankets**—In luxurious qualities, made possible by the use of finest pure wool yarns. Priced $7.75, $8.95, $9.25 each.

## The C. D. S. L. Gift Box

***Containing Suggestions to Last Minute Christmas Shoppers***



**KNITTED WOOL GLOVES, 69c. PR.**
Excellent quality in Beaver and Sand shades. In all sizes.

**SAY MERRY XMAS WITH GLOVES**

**IN WASHABLE DOE-SKIN, $3.00 Pr.**
In the popular pullon style and in shades of Grey, Beige, Mode.

**IN FRENCH KID GLOVES, $2.75 Pr.**
Styled with fancy turn-back cuff. Shades of Grey with White trim; Grey with Blue trim; Blond with Red trim; Blond with Green trim; Brown with Blond trim; Black with White trim.

**IN MOCHA AND KID GLOVES 1.50 and $2.00 pair.**
Grey or Brown, with wool lining.

**IN CHAMOISETTE SUEDE, 79c. Pr.**
Designed in pullon style with fancy cuffs. Colors of Beige and Grey.

### *Imported Gift Pieces from Czecho-Slovakia Unique in Character, and Rare in Value*

Vases in colored glassware, from 45c. to $1.25 each.
Boudoir Clocks, in alabaster cases, from $1.50 to $7.50 each.
Candy Jars, various sizes, from 75c. to 95c. each.
Brass Ash Trays, individual pieces, from 25c. to $1.50 each.
Ash Tray Sets, enamelled finish, 4 pieces, $2.50 set.
Candle Sticks, of wrought iron, 95c. and $1.00 each.
Incense Burners, silver and brass finish, 50c. to 95c. each.
Atomizers, colored and hand decorated, $2.25 to $3.95 each.
Perfume Sets, 3 pieces, colored glassware, 95c. set.
Condiment Sets, colored glazed finish, 25c. set.
Pin and Ash Trays in china, decorated, 20 and 25c. each.

## *Their Children's Children*

Buying toys for them!
A charming sight, indeed it is, to see,
Grandparents choosing for the Christmas Tree."

## *"The Season's Greetings to You"*

In the friendly spirit of Christmas we send cordial appreciation for the "Good-Will" you have shown us.

## *Canadian Department Stores Limited*

## *Store Hours:*

This store will be open Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. Complete staff will be on deck to give prompt service to Christmas shoppers.

Deliveries will be made each night if desired. Supper hour 6 to 7.30 p.m., except Saturday.

## PERSONALS

**(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).**

Mrs. Ephraim Wagar is spending Christmas in Toronto.

Mrs. Johnson, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Milsap.

Mr. J. E. Robinson spent a couple of days last week in Toronto.

Miss Nettie Deschene, Oshawa, is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. Harmer.

Mrs. Craddock, Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Woodcock.

Miss Irence Cowan, Toronto, is spending Christmas with her grandfather, Mr. Geo. Sibley.

Miss Tillie Waller has completed her course of training at the Kingston General Hospital, passed her final examinations and obtained her R.N.

Miss Alma Wales is home from Toronto to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Mr. Reginald Wiseman is home from Syracuse, N. Y., to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wiseman.

Miss Abbie Judson, R.N., Cleveland, Ohio, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Judson.

Mrs. Dr. Harry Gleeson, Lindsay, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Gleeson for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt, of the Campbell House, left on Tuesday for Picton.

Miss Nesbitt, of Odessa Confirmation School, spent the week-end with her friend, Miss Helen Loyst, and attended the Commencement Exercises.

Mr. D. L. Greene is the happy recipient of a considerable sum of money received through the death of a relative in Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. C. W. DeMille, a former well-known pastor of Trinity Church, has accepted a call to Stratford.

### DEATHS

**Milling**—At Napanee, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, 1927, Edward Milling, aged 76 years.

**Oke**—At Kingston General Hospital, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, 1927, Thos. Oke, of North Fredericksburgh, aged 92 years.

In loving memory of Arthur Plumley, who died December, 1917.
Remembrance is a golden chain,
Death tries to break, but all in vain,
There are two links death cannot sever,
Love and remembrance last forever.
Wife & Son.

**Santa Claus' Headquarters.**

For hand sleighs, coasters, tricycles, kiddie cars, automobiles, skates, hockey sticks and pucks at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Mr. Hyatt, of the Campbell House, has disposed of his interest in the hotel to Mr. Herbert Assaltine, his partner.

A number of brethren from Odessa Lodge, I.O.O.F., motored to Napanee on Thursday evening and were the fraternal guests of Orzeyl Lodge No. 212, where the degree work was conferred upon a class of candidates.

A number of friends of Miss Kay Allen, of Kingston gathered at the home of Misses Letha and Dorothy Scott on Wednesday evening and presented her with a shower of beautiful and useful gifts in honor of her approaching marriage to Mr. C. W. Scott, of Watkerville, which takes place at an early date. A delightful evening, consisting of music, games and contests was greatly enjoyed by all.

Mr. Edward Milling, a former well-known Richmond farmer, passed away at his home on Dundas street on Wednesday last, after but a few days' illness, the result of paralysis. The late Mr. Milling retired from farming early last spring and with his daughter took up residence in Napanee. Surviving are two sons, Eugene of Lindsay, and Fred, of Toronto, and two daughters, Mrs. Chrysler, of Toronto, and Miss Martha at home. His wife predeceased him some years ago. The funeral took place from his late residence on Friday.

### NEW BRUNSWICK FORESTS.

**Cover Over Seventy Per Cent of Its Total Area.**

The forests of New Brunswick cover over seventy per cent. of its total area. The climate is very favorable to forest growth, as the excellence balance of moisture and sunshine provide long growing seasons in which the tree seeds germinate quickly and trees grow rapidly. Planting has never been resorted to except in a few instances. All the valuable soft woods and hardwoods of the northeastern continental zone grow abundantly, so that, given some attention as to methods of cutting and protection from fire, the forest owner is assured of a steady annual crop from the forest.

Due to the strategic maritime position of New Brunswick with its harbors and intensive network of driveable streams, railroads and highway roads, making all areas easily accessible, both the cost of manufacturing and marketing wood products is reasonable, says the Financial Post. The products of the forest in the form of deal, dimension lumber, lath, shingles, pulpwood, pulp and paper, are sold in the United Kingdom, South America, West Indies, United States and Eastern Canada. New Brunswick ranks fourth among the provinces of the Dominion in both lumber and pulp production. The industry is in a prosperous condition.

There are also vast virgin hardwood forests in the province which have been scarcely touched.

About sixty per cent. of the forest area is Crown Forest, bringing in an annual revenue to the province of over $1,000,000.

**Lamp Detective.**

A lamp, manufactured by a German, gives out invisible rays that read secret writing, test food, and detect forgeries.

This wonderful lamp is made of quartz, to permit the passage of ultra-violet light, and is equipped with a filter which absorbs all the visible rays of the spectrum. When the powerful "black light" of the lamp falls on any one of a huge class of substances, the substance "tells its story" by giving off a deep purple, green, or brilliant orange light.

Different kinds of papers glow with different colors under ultra-violet rays, depending on how, and of what, they are made. Thus it is easy to detect the genuineness of bank-notes or rare postage-stamps by comparing under the rays the one in doubt with others known to be authentic.

**500 Feet Down.**

A specially-built schooner will sail from San Francisco shortly with an expedition to the west coast of Mexico. Mr. G. W. Williamson, who assisted in filming Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," will be one of three men who will be lowered to a depth of 500 feet in a steel ball-shaped chamber, fitted with heavy glass portholes, to make a study of deep-sea life 500 feet below the surface. A series of descents will be made in different localities, and it is hoped to carry out a number of research investigations.

**Twelve Thousand Parts.**

When a motorist changes gear awkwardly, he is ill-treating between 500 and 1,000 parts; there are 12,000 parts in a mass-produced automobile.

**Grow While They Sleep.**

A doctor says that the growth of children takes place entirely when they are asleep.

**DAVY & ALLISON**
**Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.**
**Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.**
**DAVY & ALLISON,**
Next to Oaton's.

## RICHMOND MINUTES

Dec. 5th, 1927.

The Council met in Selby.

Members all present, the Reeve presiding.

Minutes of last session were read and adopted.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by C. Hartin, that John Hudgins' Pay Sheet for November, amounting to $18.45 be paid and cheques issued to various names on the Pay Sheet. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that C. E. Kimmett receive $2.00, error in dog tax. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Hartin, that the report of the Reeve and Road Superintendent re Manion ditch matter, be received and adopted. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that we receive from Thos. Deline six dollars and forty cents for brick purchased from Township. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet Dec. 15th, to receive Financial Statement and to appoint Deputy Returning Officers and Polling Places for the coming township election, Jan. 2nd, 1928.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

Dec. 15th, 1927.

Council met in Township Hall, Selby.

Members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to sign and submit to the Minister of Public Highways, of the Province of Ontario, the petition of the corporation of the Township of Richmond, showing that during the period from January, 1927, to December 31st, 1927, there has been expended upon the township roads the sum of $9,744.02, and requesting the statutory grant on that amount, as provided by the Ontario Highways Act, and amendments thereto. Carried.

Road Engineer John E. Hudgins, presented the list of persons to keep the roads open this winter.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that we approve the engineer's appointments. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the By-Law, No. 458, receive its first and second reading, appointing Deputy Returning Officers and Polling Places for the election of January 2nd, 1928. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by C. Hartin, that the By-Law No. 458, receive its third reading, signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by M. Dupre, that the Financial Report of the Treasurer for the year 1927, be received and adopted and a copy printed. Carried.

Council adjourned for 1927.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

## CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Is it because the angels song announced to a sleeping world that "This day in the city of David, is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," that from the earliest ages men have celebrated the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem with music? Many of the carols that will be sung this year by the school children were sung long, long ago in England by boys and girls who went "gooding" on Christmas morning, hoping that in reward for their carol singing the mistresses of the larger houses would give them some Christmas "goodies." The choirs of our churches are practising special music and now, nearly two thousand years after the old hymn that has come down to us through the ages. Its name is, "Adestes Fidelis," or "Come All Ye Faithful," in our English translation. This year it will be sung in St. Peter's at Rome, where the altar will blaze with countless lights; the choir of Westminister Abbey in the heart of the Empire, will call the crowds to worship the Christ Child with the familiar words; under the cloudless skies of India and Africa, in the summertime Christmas of South America and Australia, in the islands of the seas, where the wavelets wash the shores of the palm-crowned coral islands, in the little log churches in the forest and on the prairies, by radio in the missions within the Arctic circle, in our fir-decked churches at home and on the streets of the cities; where the sweet music of the Salvation Army is a welcome sound of Christmas morning, the familiar hymn will awaken memories of other Christmas mornings and other years and men and women to "Come and Adore Him, Christ the Lord."

What about books for Christmas? Possibly "Jalna," the book with which a Canadian woman, Mazo de la Roche, won the $10,000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly, which Macmillan Co., Toronto offers us in attractive binding, will be among the best sellers. From the Ryerson Pres,, Toronto, comes a real thriller, "The House of Fear," by Robert W. Service, and "The Quest of Youth," a new novel by that old favorite, Jeffrey Farnol. The Graphic Publishers, Ottawa, give us "Only This" by James H. Pedley, who was a lieutenant in the 4th Canadian Division, which will be read with interest by all returned men for its faithful account of life at the front. "The Shawod of Tradition," is by a Canadian woman, C. Holmes Macgillivray, who has given a picture of old days in Glengarry. From the Graphic Art people come also a good dog story, "Scottie," by M. Benson Walker, of Hamilton. When you are shopping for books always ask for the Ryerson Chap. Books. These little boks, selling from 50 to 75 cents a copy, contain collections of verses by Canadian poets. Among the offerings this year are "Songs for Swift Feet," by Postwick Roberts, "Other Songs," by John Hanlon, "Twelve Poems," by Esme Isles-Brown, "Estasy and Other Poems," by Elaine M. Cathy, and "Waif of the Mind," by W. Y. Newson, who for fifteen years was Deputy Treasurer of the Province of Alberta and for whom Judge Emily Murphy, Edmonton, has written a commendatory foreword. These are all Canadian books, published in Canada. Ask for them.

The Subject of selected immigration is one that is interesting the women of Canada. It was discussed at recent conventions of the Women's Institute and at the December meeting of the National Executive of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire recently held in Toronto. Healthy men and women for Canada, who by their sanity and strength of body and mind will make our country what we hope it will be, is the ideal that the women's societies keep before them. But the home is the heart of the country and the mother is the heart of the home. Much of the future of the country rests with her.

We are not so selfish after all. On their way do the lonely places of our country are many boxes packed by kind hands for the fellow citizens in the Dominion. The Red Cross has sent these boxes, filled with gay packages and war mcdothing that will be opened on Christmas day in the families of the men, who having made good overseas are making good at home. The girls' societies of the churches have been busy making candy bags that will give delight to the children of a Sunday school in a mission of an outlying parish, the Women's Institutes have seen to it that sick and unfortunate at home and the members of their society in Northern Ontario, will not lack for good things, and the men and women's societies of the towns and cities are taking the names of those families of their community who are in need, trouble and who will have a dinner as good as their own, from their fellow citizens.

Think of all the nice things that can go from the farm home to the absent friends in the town! Don't let your eyes be blinded to your own opportunity by the gay things in the shops. Why you can give twice as nice presents to the city friend. No plum cake and no mince pies are as good as these made in a farmhouse kitchen. They have different taste somehow. And you can slip in a pot of wild strawberry jam or a few eggs. The cookies that a girl in a town boarding house loved to find in the jar after school will taste much nicer than anything she can buy in town. Tie the gift up prettily and send it along with love and if you can, put in a sprig of evergreen to remind her of the days she used to go out to get the hemlock and pine to decorate the dining room for the Christmas dinner.

Don't think because you cannot have hot house flowers for your dinner table that it is not worth while trying to make it pretty for the family dinner. If you live in the country there are evergreens in the woods and even if you cannot get to town, some of your parcels will come wrapped in red papers, so set a bowl of apples and oranges in the centre of the table and decorate it with sprigs of evergreens and flowers made quickly from the red paper. If you have candles and they are red, so much the better. You can use the Christmas cards you have received to add a touch of color. If you can get to town you can buy the prettiest decorations for a small price and the red candles and a few red crackers. Let us be festive. Christmas only comes once a year. Who can tell where the members of the family may be this time in 1928.

Here is a good Candy that can be made to go into the bowl in the centre of the table or on small dishes. Two cups of granulated sugar, two tablespoons of vinegar, one cup of corn syrup, 1 half cup of water. Put on the stove and boil half an hour. Cut some nuts very fine and spread on a well buttered tin. Pour the syrup over them and when cold break in small pieces and roll in pulverized sugar.

"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, paising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.....And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger and the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them," Luke 28: 14-16.

A BIBLE LOVER.

**Opportunity.**

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in At condition—at greatly reduced prces:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.